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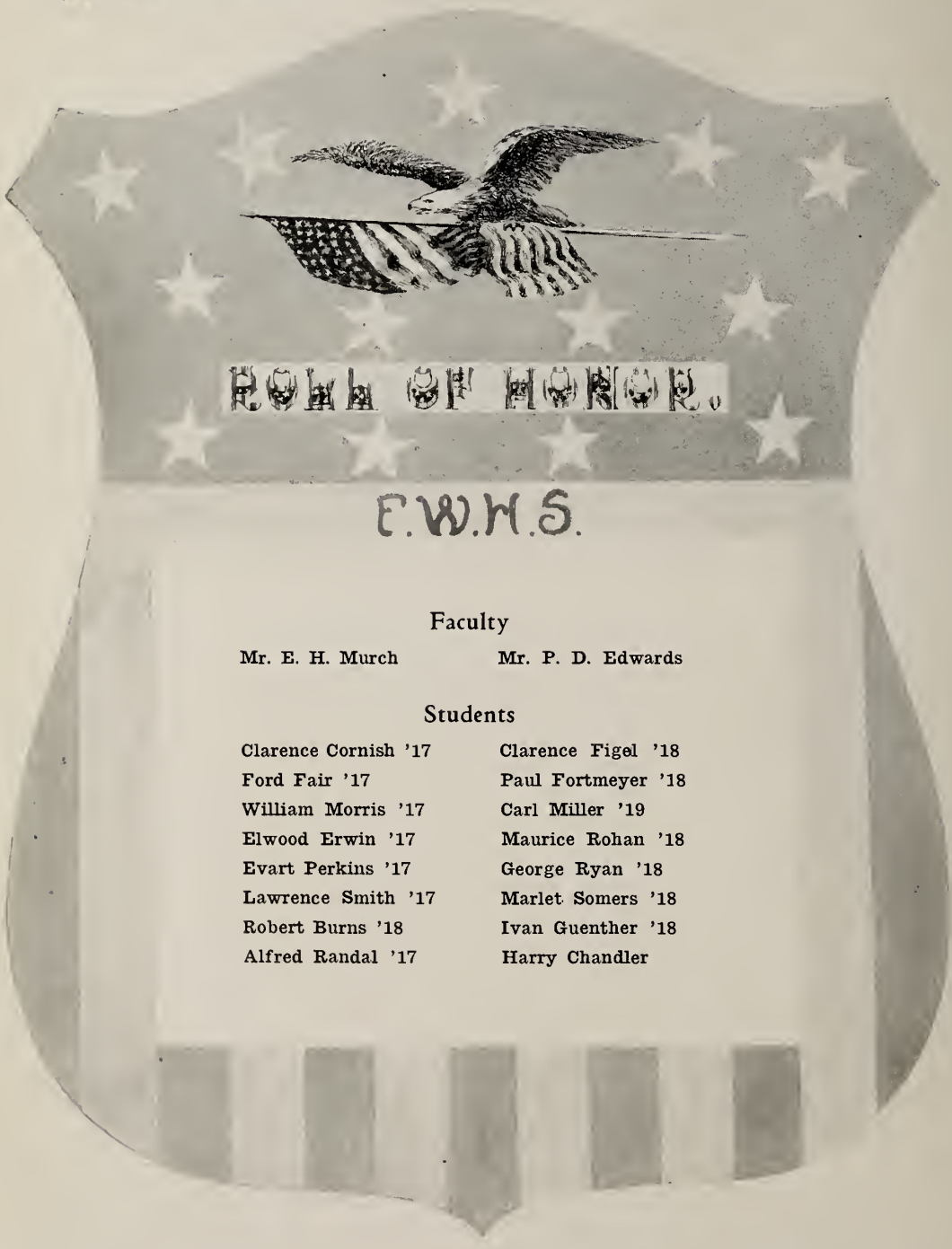
JUNE 1918

Cornell University

The Caldron Annual

Class of Nineteen-Eighteen
Fort Wayne High School

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Dedication

To those graduates of this school who are now fighting the good fight for their country either in action on the fields of France or in preparation in the army cantonments and camps; to those ex-students of this school who gladsomely curtailed their studies that they might defend their country's honor; to those members of the faculty who abandoned their career that the doctrines which they teach and the nation whose welfare they promote through their knowledge alike might be made inviolate and safe; to all these, now engaged in the cause of democracy, humanity, and divinity, this, the Annual of the Class of Nineteen-Eighteen, is humbly dedicated.



R. W. HIMELICK
Superintendent of the Public Schools, Fort Wayne



LOUIS C. WARD
Principal of The Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School


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WILLAM REGINAUER
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LITERARY EDITOR
EDITORS
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BUSINESS STAFF
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Foreword

These few lines are intended to introduce you to the Annual of the Class of 1918. Following will be found the result of much thought and effort edited and engraved somewhat, and at least printed on good paper. The success of a paper lies not wholly in the hands of the editors; it lies with its readers as well. Much depends upon the spirit with which it is received and read, not with a fault-finding, caviling disposition toward it, but with an eye only for the good, full though it may be of faults, and with the hope that it will be received thus, this Annual is commended to you. A few departments have been omitted not in order to lighten the work of editing, but because they are so old that they no longer hold any humor or interest. Our principle has always been not speed, but quality, and although we have failed to get the Annual out on time, we trust that its high quality will counteract this disagreeable feature.

Literary



Dido and Aeneas

(By Rose Pelzweig, '18 and Howard Shambaugh, '18)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

AENEAS, leader of the Trojans.
PALINURUS, Trojan pilot.
ACHATES, intimate friend of Aeneas.
DIONEUS, influential Trojan.
ACESTIS, a Trojan leader.
BITIAS, Carthaginian prince.
IOPAS, bard in Dido's palace.

-:-

DIDO, queen of Carthage.
ANNA, her sister.
BARCE, an old nurse.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Aboard Trojan Vessel.*

Dioneus:

The night wears 'way; and yet the tempest fell,
In fury havocs all the heaven and earth;
And they with vengeful animus contend,
Each with the other blindly combating,
Incited by the incoherent wind.
We occupy their field, and must, in time,
Sink 'neath the onslaught of the elements.

Acestis:

It is indeed a mockery of fate
That in a strife, ourselves the most concerned,
Our share must be a merely passive one.
For look! While all the world doth work itself
Into a passionate delirium,
And while the flaccid, smould'ring, mundane fires,
Fanned by the pungent breath of Aeolus
Burst forth into titanic conflagration,
We like chid children must lie subjectly,
And wait completion of our destiny.
And like a pouty child's our weak protests
Drown in the gulf of our dependency.

Dioneus:

See how the heavens now towards us dispatch
Their effervescent darts of death. White lightning
In brilliant instantaneous flashes doth
Illumine this great battlefield divine.
Now beat the gods their cloudy, martial drums
And thunder shakes the universe. The winds
Now roar, now moan, now die, as in the soul
Of wounded man, life ebbs and flows and then
Takes leave. It is a combat 'twixt the gods;
Destruction reigns, and human detriment
Is set at naught, 'til this foul slaughter wanes,
And peace again is made supreme.

Acestis:

It is a sight worth note. And if, perchance,
A man of us should 'scape this imminent
Catastrophe, and once more be allowed
To walk and talk with human men 'twill be
A tale well worth relating. But do you know
How fares our dear Aeneas? Where is he?
And how think he of this extremity—
Of this precarious predicament?

Dioneus:

In overwhelming sorrow yon he sits
Close by the cursed prow of this doomed ship.
And like sad Orpheus did grieve at loss
Of dear Eurydice, our father grieves
And offers up himself, a sacrifice
For us.

Acestis:

So care and worry are the thorns
In the crown of responsibility. What man
Great projects on his mind ere yet has had
A night's repose or day unvisited
By fear! Fitful slumber must he look for
And days like years drag dilatorily.
So with Aeneas, whose fair intellect
Cast down by hope, oppressed by awful fear
Still seeks in fruitless, vain, abortive trials
An egress from our wretched miseries.
Who's with him?

Dioneus:

His son Ascanes, the pilot,
And some other men, whose tongues I could not
Recognize.

Acestis:
All will be done that can be done
And yet all measures now are wholly futile.
What human efforts can avail, or what,
Contrary to such godly enmity?
Our puny might, like growth of plants and trees,
Is governed by superiors; whose wrath
At any moment may descend and cast
Us to subversion.
Dioneus: There may safety lie.
Why should the potent gods plan our o'erthrow,
In whose poor strength lies not the faculty
To harm them or to e'en protect ourselves.
Our very weakness may be our defense,
And we may yet cheat Pluto of his prize.
Acestis:
The thought of safety is unwarranted.
We are bound in by cruel circumstance,
Above, below, and everywhere; until
The sunshine of our life, our hope, is dimmed
By these enshrouding palls of deathly black.
Our Life and Hope are tiny rivulets,
Both tributaries to the flood of Death;
And when, as now, our Hope has carried thence,
'Twill be short time 'til Life shall follow hence.
Enter AENEAS *and Others.*
Aeneas:
This is the greatest tumult since creation.
The masterpiece of Mars, who has in this
Subverted the entire universe.
Not since the earth from chaos sprang, has there
Been such a comprehensive, wild melee;
Nor ever on the page of history
Has been recorded such a base revolt
As this, when earth rebels against the heavens.
The earth, child of the stricken firmament,
In mighty conflict has arrayed itself
'Gainst the omnipotence of parentage.
With such participants, the strife cannot
Be long; the skies must conquer in due time
And when the final judgment has arrived—
Unless in peace, which is impossible—
Must we, subordinates of earth, pass 'way,
As proof of our inferiority.
The arms of the opposing combatants
Are waters of the earth and fires of heaven,
And so in the decision of the war
Will be for all of time established
Pre-eminince of the conqueror.
The waters of the earth tossed by the air—
Which element remaining neutral lends
A hand to either of the other two—
Mount to the sky. They quench the sun, the moon,
The stars, existent since the world began,
And rising yet they flood the very doors
Of heaven, and threaten to extinguish all,
E'en to the life from which they gained descent.
But now and then doth Jupiter himself
As if bestirred to guard his own domain—
Like man when wakened from his lethargy
Finds life and home in peril of invasion
Springs swiftly to a truculent defense—
Lets drive his thunderbolts invincible,
And causes lightning to flash down on us;
Which, if it strikes the waters, vapors them,
Or if the solid earth, rends it apart.
In either case it fully compensates
For any damage done the lofty skies.
Thus stroke for stroke they both reciprocate
And no advantage has as yet been gained.
Achates:
It was decreed that Troy should fall, and that
Edict will be complete ere many hours

Have run their length. We dare not hope to long
Maintain the surface of this furious sea.

Aeneas:

So will the Fates be ever satisfied
And mortals prove but mortals after all.
Life is a game and men but pawns whose deeds
Alone of no import, are units towards
Some greater end. The game is on; it is
One move; nor know we whither, why or when.
We only know that for some act, the gods
Have deemed it well to close our lease of life
Upon this earth. And thus the Greeks may now
Exult, for what they tried and failed to do
Is being done by no less hand than that
Of Jupiter himself. And yet we too
Have cause for joy; for if our end must come
'Tis well that we die at the hands of Jove
Rather than ignominious death at hands
Of earthly enemies. And so flexures
Of destiny are such that we find comfort
In the selfsame fact, in which our foes
Meet with some small degree of consolation.

Achates:

Methinks I can discern a fissure there,
A widening cleft between yon murky clouds;
And if I do not grossly misconceive
The tempest to a softer, lighter key
Has, while we talked, been slightly modulated.

Aeneas:

If this be true—but no! it cannot be!
We have advanced too far in Pluto's realms,
We are oppressed too closely by the gods
To cogitate upon deliverance,
Or to solicit hope of mortal safety.
The great stoop to petty deeds, nor do
The great waste action in a vain display.
If most high Jove had not avouched our death
This tempest should have never been created;
And we should now be riding peacefully
At anchor, in some safe secluded port.
But since this vast confusion has been formed
Ne'er think that it will pass without its toll,
A tribute to be paid in human life.

Achates:

Now may my life be forfeit if the winds
Do not abate their wonted zeal, and if
The clouds have not there drawn apart, and if
Some light of heaven does not descend on us.

Aeneas:

'Tis but a maggot of imagination,
A mere capricious fancy of your mind,
A whimsic mirage of an intellect
Which dread experience has far surcharged
And which succumbs at last to its potations;
Which is retruded to that state of health
That is fecund of images of things
Long wished for, long withheld.

Enter PALINURUS.

Palinurus:

My lord, our evil fortunes now have changed;
Their vicious mien has metamorphosed been,
That it connotes a new prosperity.
The storm has mitigated, clouds have passed,
And in the swift augmenting light, a shore—
Precipitous and stony, yet a shore—
Appears, and we approach it speedily.

Aeneas:

Can it be possible that gods treat thus,
With gaudy show of their supremacy,
The impotence of enervated men?
Do they so jest with their inferiors,
Consecutively dealing them the hope

Of rescue and the slough, despondency?
Are our hopes and fears made light by them
For their mere transient and yet cruel diversion?
And are we fallen so into contempt
That they amuse themselves by grieving us?
Well, we cannot transform our circumstance;
The lowly have no choice but to obey.
We must pursue the life predestinate
With no consideration of desire;
And if we give not our appreciation
For ev'ry twist of fate—for good or bad—
We are accused of base ingratitude.
So we live on, our wills inanimate;
Initiative dulled, despicable;
And in this narrow trench of subjugation
We live, we die, and all in dim oblivion.
We were prepared to die, but we must live,
Because the idiosyncrasies of gods
Have willed it. Then in a brief span of years
The enigmatical eccentricities
Of these same gods will doom us, unprepared,
To death. We navigate our ship of Life
Thru this vast sea of earthly complications
But nominally; in reality
The hand of Fate is at the rudder oar,
And it cares not for reefs, for shoals, for bars.
We are ourselves but morbid passengers,
Unused to squalls, debilitated by
The unaccustomed roughness of the course;
Who gladly would turn back, but whose protests
Are scorned by the hardy, virile mariner.

Achates:

Bestir yourself; cast apathy aside!
This is no time for prolix lamentation
Nor yet for empty censure of our Fates.
We near the shore, and if we do not act
Soon will we be bereft of even life;
And when we are, 'twill be too late to mourn
For our contumacious tardiness.
Achievements, when the need is exigent,
Save grief when opportunity has passed.
So rouse your buried spirit from its grave
Of desolate despair; the thought of safety
Should be an antidote to its disease,
A panacea for its late decease;
And it should be returned to breath and life.

Aeneas:

I thank you for infusing me with life,
And dragging me from out my contemplation.
My thoughts had grown into a monstrous size
And having been endowed with life by the
Reality of our situation.
They threatened to consume me with their fury.
Again am I Aeneas, and will act
As should the lone descendant of Priam,
The son of Venus, Jove's inheritor,
The instrument thru whom the Trojan race
Is destined to be reincarnated.

Scene 2—*Carthage.*

Bitias:

The building still proceedeth merrily;
And ancient Carthage soon again will stand,
In strength and beauty far surpassing all.

Iopas:

It is in truth the favored spot of earth
Blessed by the gods in ev'ry way. And yet,
Such words in their mere sense do scarce give voice
In condign terms the brilliancy of our
Success. But like verbal approbation
To prayers conferred unto the deities
Defile that thing they would revere.

Bitias: 'Tis true.
There are occasions such as this when words

Are vapid in extreme, and languid speech
Insipid seems. Our outer works are firm
Indeed, but we have yet a greater cause
To bow down gladsomely to our just laws.

Iopas:

It surely is our queen of whom you speak;
And she doth merit well all commendations
Which our lean eloquence upon her can
Bestow. Her beauty that of Venus is;
Minerva only is her parallel
In wisdom, rectitude and sanctity.
With this egregious queen, yon orb, aloof,
Need circumvolve no more this florid sphere;
For her resplendence is the nonpareil
And emulating suns despair this goal.

Bitias:

Yet cease! for lo! she enters even now;
To shame with direct, near comparison
Your meager encomium by its regal theme.

Enter Dido *and followers.*

Iopas:

Dido, sapient queen of Carthage old,
By birth exalted, now by worth maintained,
Whose subjects are thy captives, lovers, friends,
And ev'ry nice relation catalogued,
The luminary of the firmament
Once more makes merry with our world; the storm
Which raged for many weeks and which still grasps
The sea in her firm clutch, has passed us by.
And once more we resume complete control
Of our entire mortal faculties.

Dido:

So ev'ry trouble makes its way;
After the darkest night comes day.
Beyond the clouds the sky is blue,
And after winds of death pass through,
Life blossoms forth in spring anew.
So peace will follow after war;
So hate, of love, is harbinger;
And tears lead joy in close arrear.
No wrong is e'er so far from light
That it brings not attendant right.

Bitias:

The interim of enforced idleness
Is not, indeed, without its recompense;
For we can now pursue our slipping task
Unhampered by that former weariness.
The sons of Carthage are at work once more,
And Carthage by the rounding of the year will stand,
Through their commendable assiduity.

Dido:

Ends are attained by diligence alone,
And fullest Life is industry's reward.
A frustrate life, and one abortive lived
Is that which harbors not some pregnant toil,
Or counts not as fruition toil's fatigue.
Oh, ten times better, pangs of indigence
Than fatuous indolence by opulency bred.
Hence! lowly drone, thou meanest thrall of sloth,
Arch enemy of Life's prime requisite.
Thy meed be acrid, thy senescence harsh,
And may thy end be bitter as the dregs of time.
Thou meritest naught of halcyon senility,
And thy death can but benefit humanity.

ACT II

SCENE I—*Carthage. Banquet hall in Dido's palace.*

Aeneas:

Much do I owe, my lovely queen of Carthage,
To your prodigious bounty, but I fear
A debt it must remain. I've naught but thanks
That illimitable treasury of all;
Nor shall I be improvident of that
Since gratitude profuse soon fulsome grows.
Can you suggest no humble deed of service
I may perform as earnest of my desire
To requite your kindness as it richly merits?

Dido:

The gods are liberal since they requite
My offices, which I may but confer
With their approval, with the satisfaction
Of aiding people less fortunate than I.
You will transfer all debt to me, however,
If you will but relate the sordid tale
Of all your wanderings. Disclose to me
Your trials, privations, the cause and consequence
Of such perversity of Fate.

Aeneas:

Weary am I, and fain would have Forget
Steal softly o'er the past with soothing balm.
Obliterating griefs of yesterday
By present joys and future's fond unknown.
And yet for thee, my regal, hostess queen,
Will I my doleful tale once more unfold,
Which I had sworn should never be retold.
'Tis seven years since Time unrolled so far
As to bring imminent the fate of Troy;
But at that time had he for ten long years
Approached with hesitancy this denouement.
The Grecian forces for this period
Have been encamped upon the shores of Troy
And have besieged us with mortal intent.
Fatigued the armies now, despoiled the fields,
And we would gladly discontinue havoc
For any charge save that the Greeks demand,
When suddenly, within the bounds of night
Our adversaries ship supposedly,
And sail dismayed away. This incubus,
Incumbent on our freedom, thus removed
We foolishly cast 'way all vigilance,
Rejoicing in our unthought liberty.
So we exult, all caution cast to air;
We ope the gates, and leave no sentinel there.
All strength we waste, 'til the succeeding night.
Then on ethereal wings of artifice,
Like retributive devils of our revelry,
Our foes return while we in sopor lie;
And when, at last, we quicken to defense
We find naught but the shreds of pristine strength.
Distraught, we flee in aimless disarray—
Haphazard dealing vain retaliation—
Until the lowering night deters pursuit.
And then in sulky plight we stay our steps
E'en on the shore and the embattled rocks
Of late the scene of our portentous rout;
And wait the morn in dolorous foreboding.
Thus does the morn reveal us to ourselves,
When he o'erclimbs the night's receding shades.
The menace thus eluded, we commune
How best to utilize our respite brief.
Shall we prolong the tedious militancy,
Or shall we now repudiate the strife,

To peregrinate, and elsewhere build anew?
At last all minds concur. Our policy
Leads us to quit the wastage and debris
Of war-consumed Troy and hazard all
On mutable seas and inimical estates.
With haste we build a temporary fleet
And sail amain without our guide or goal.
Oh, Fate! no longer canst thou terrorize
The recipients of all thy wrathful humors.
Thy intimidations are expended
Like dewdrops in the searing sun of noon;
And though the future years be desolate
Of hope, as desert sands are moisture-free
Yet they will seem felicitous to us
Who are inured to all which thou canst wreak.
My queen, it is, I trust, a venial slip
For me to thus decry our persecution,
Unmerited, interminable, and foul.
If I offend I crave thy lenity.
My tongue doth stultify my manliness.
And now let me pass quickly o'er the rest,
Lest I with detail weary you of all.
In Thrace we first attempted settlement;
Repellant omens foiled our labors there.
Then on to Delos, where Apollo sits,
Dispensing laws in prescience of Fate.
Apprised by him of a dismaying doom,
We sail to Crete, then shun the Strophades—
Infested by the Harpies' presence grim;
And finally secrete ourselves from winter's rigor
In the hospitable fields of Actium.
The spring once more concludes our restfulness;
And we are driven by remorseless Fate
To shores of Epirus; there a respite brief;
Thence to Tarentum, Aetna, then at last
To old Drepanum, where my father died.
Bereft of his support I, weakened much,
Would fain propitiate the goading gods,
And end my life in unambitious toil.
'Tis not to be. 'Til I discover Latium
There can be no contentment here for me.
An irresistible force propels me on;
The intermediary of the gods am I
To whom the destiny of Troy is given.

Dido:

Your story moves me strangely. Who could list
With apathetic ear to such a tale?
'Tis a depiction of the human will
Made to subserve the enginery of Fate;
And valor, pitted against the machinations
Of that detestable combine of gods,
Is made to seem irrational offense.
But now disseat the past in memory.
Let it not militate against a future
Which seems to promise much, to hold much more
Of joy. Carthage is thine; my services
I place at your disposal; jointly we
Shall rule these peoples. Thus will terminate
The workings of an awful disposition.

Aeneas:

I may not! That same disposition
Remains impregnable to mortal wish;
And I would vainly importune the skies
With pleas of commutation.

Dido:

Forget your Latium; here is life and love.
There human glories wax and wane;
Preferment proves but idle gain;
Wealth, concord, freedom—all are vain,
Since war, the procreant, assails
The progeny; and, too, entails
On beneficiaries pain.
Beleaguered villages sustain
With checkered fortune their defense,
'Til fear to fury doth the mind incense.
Life is begot in violence,
And lived in strict incarceration
Since the joys of home and nation
(Apt signs of mortal liberty)
Are minimized to nonentity.
Will you betake yourself and your dominions

Which you profess to love, to such a place
Of no recommendatory appointments?
Is there no eloquence to dissuade you?
Aeneas:
Oh, Queen, the force of what you say is great;
Invidious mutiny lurks in my mind.
Shall man, th' indentured denizen of earth,
Incur the implacable wrath of Jove
And, maugre all his mandates, still insert
Original passages in his destiny
By overt symptoms of his waywardness?
Or must he, with obsequious compliance,
Accept the hostile shafts of every year,
And poignant molestations of the days?
My future course is problematical.
Conflicting judgments vie to dominate
My fickle mind. I must find solitude!
Let me away! Alone I may unshackle
My will from this infirm indecision.
Dido:
I would that he might stay. Love stirs again
The tissue of my heart with tender strain.
And though I once his inveiglements dismissed,
He argues now, indeed, with subtle gist:
"Why should you wean your heart from my control?
'Twas fate, not I, your former lover stole."
I, too, must seek in lonely contemplation
An answer to his earnest exhortation.

SCENE 2—*Carthage. Grounds adjoining palace.*

Aeneas:
When was there such a night as this;
Such perfect calm, and great serenity?
When shone the moon with equal, ardent glow,
Or when have stars beamed on humanity
With such a tranquil, calm benignity?
The air is silent as the entombed dead—
Not mere oppressive taciturnity,
Nor yet the quiet of uneasy minds
Which cast about in feeble vacillation
Embarrassing to all who chance upon it—
But rather the entire, wholesome peace
Of some good man, with love for all the world,
Who at the hour of sunset doth commune,
With consciousness of worth and mind at rest,
To his beloved and guiding deities.
His countenance beams with his holiness—
An edifying lamp for wand'ring men,
A harborage for all mankind who stray.
Such also is this lovely glowing moon;
For who, under its salutary rays,
Would not, perforce, be cast into a spell—
A trance in which only the pure exists?
And who could have aught but the noblest thoughts
Within the boundaries of its gentle light?
Dido:
This night is now the essence of perfection—
The most supreme accomplishment of all.
The moon, the stars, the earth, the sea, the air,
Are every one in concord with the rest,
Each aiding towards an ultimate perfection.
See how the moon is shining brilliantly,
And, shedding its sweet light into the future,
Expounds the mysteries of times to come;
Prognosticating peace for evermore,
And dedicating us to joy eterne
By the mere casting on us of its light.
Aeneas:
See also how the air receives its rays;
Gently diffuses them to all the world,
And blends them with unique, consummate skill
Into a unit, whole, symmetrical—
A wondrous hue of multicolored shades.
Dido:
And so these coruscating rays descend—
Impelled throughout their long itinerancy
By some celestial force beyond the pale
Of human comprehension to the earth.
Here on the palpitating sea they light,

And flit upon its undulating breast
Like leaves flit malapertly on the breeze.
The waters ruffled are desipiently,
By the sweet amativeness of the winds;
Quiescence have they not, nor wish for it
Under this atmospheric osculation.
The surface of this inland lake is vibrant
And in its soft pulsations gives effect
Resembling couchant, myriad undines
Whose bosoms rise and fall in quietude
Whilst dozing on their watery, restful bed.
And o'er the whole the lucid moonlight plays,
A condiment divine to earthly compound.

Aeneas:

Can you comprise the reason for all this—
Why so much beauty has been lavished thus
In fabricating nightly scenery;—
In molding as criterion fore'er
This acme of nocturnal composition?
It is but to devise a setting apt,
A brilliant background most appropriate
For scenes of love, that most exalted passion
Which man is capable of entertaining.
No other circumstance is pertinent,
Nor any other ardor relevant.
Justice is ever stained by prejudice,
And generosity constrained by like;
Desire derogates morality,
While honesty is ruined by ambition.
Yet prejudice, ambition, like, desire
Are but pure love's more base excrescences,
And though these products are thus capable
Of thwarting some of life's high tendencies,
Since virtues are impoverished by them,
Still love itself is free from this black taint
Of vitiating related qualities;
And though remaining through determined links
The alpha and omega of the rest
Yet it maintains inviolate its chastity.

Dido:

Love is the mystery of life.
Through pain, confusion, sin, and strife
Its clarion peals out most clear,
Constraining men to act in fear
And to strive on for those most dear.
Life is forgot when at love's call
We hasten from life's narrow hall.
It is undying in our heart,
And though in us, yet lives apart
From all connections with our flesh—
Is unrestrained by mortal mesh.
And on that awful judgment day
Love above all will be arrayed.

Aeneas:

We can ascribe no reason for its presence;
It comes and goes with no apparent motive
Beyond a strangely whimsical desire
To give an ostentatious spectacle
Of its peculiar power over men,
And through its influence to warm their hearts
With burning animation—then to leave
And crack them by its brisk vicissitude.
Though this its purpose and conclusion be
Let us not squander pusillanimously
The hours that it abides with us. But rather
Let's make the most of this, our visitor,
Enjoying the fruit afforded all the more
That we may bite it to a bitter core.
Come, let me now envelop you in love.
As night doth soft engird the earth in dark,
Obscuring sullies by its purity,
As the ubiquity of virtue seems
Assured, at such a time as this, is love
The only mortal action which does not
Debauch the time and derogate the doer.

SCENE 3—*Carthage. Same night. Aeneas's bedroom.*

Achates:

My lord, you seem sore vexed and meditate
Upon affairs oppressive in nature.
What havoc, surging in your mind, produces

Turbulence and froward indecision?
Aeneas:
My thoughts are vacillating and revolve
About two potent issues; love and fame
Are firm antagonistic forces which
Sway me to this impulse and then to that.
Latium looms afar—a goal of glory
Yielding promise of victorious deeds,
And tempting with the lure of sword and trumpet,
Clarion calls, and battle cries of war.
And on the other hand a siren calls
Persuasively to scenes of pure delight.
Thoughts of surging love and ardor confuse
My seething brain with hypnotic power,
And leave me helpless in their spell. But lo,
What is this apparition coming near?
A vision bursting forth in radiance
Glorious, imperious, and resplendent,
Engulfing all with an ecstatic glory
Like a star, celestial, clear, divine.
A godly form seems to be enveloped
Within this effulgent mist.
Achates: Lo, behold,
Winged, golden sandals glitter brightly
On his feet. 'Tis Mercury whom of yore,
Maia, his radiant mother, bore
In cold Cyllene's air.
Mercury: Hail, goddess born.
The father of men and the king of gods
Bids you stir from Carthaginian shores.
Dispel your sluggish and contented languor
With the impetus of former courage.
Why linger you in Carthage? What madness
Keeps you chained fast like you Prometheus:
What irresistible force bewitches
And compels you to relinquish conquest?
Have you abandoned all your hopes of seeing
Promised Latium? Reflect on the glory—
The fame and renown which shall then be yours.
Rise, cast off the spell and fascination
Of this beguiling woman; tear yourself
From these perfumed halls of deluding joy;
Forget the scheming flattery of her
Who holds you, a prisoner of fancy.
Go hence! and with your valiant deeds and arms
Raise mighty, fallen Troy unto the skies!
(Exit)
Aeneas:
Stay, elusive messenger and unfold
The plans I am to follow—what, he's gone!
Vanished like a cloud when in the East
Aurora arises!
Mental anquish
Torments and persecutes my consciousness,
And leaves me prey to fearful forboding.
I know not what path to take and follow—
What course of hasty action to pursue.
Achates:
Think you, then, my lord, of leaving Carthage;
And of setting sail again?
Aeneas: I know not.
The mighty gods decree that I should go.
And leave these witching haunts. But 'f I go
How take I my leave? What reasonable
Excuse can justify my departure?
Can I brave the reproaches and just scorn
Of one whose boundless hospitality
Will then be so offended?
Achates: Take no leave;
Set sail this very night, and with your men
Depart these shores in secret.
Aeneas: That I will.
Go, acquaint our men of this decision
And bid them get themselves in readiness.
Let no one be too prodigal of time,
But goad them on with firm alacrity.
Time is short and what we do, must be done
With promptitude and with rapidity.
The will of the gods be done.

ACT III

SCENE 1—*Aeneas sets sail.*

Aeneas:

'Tis night, and the fitful clouds of evening
Obscure in darkness the shuddering moon.
Potential escape can be realized
By vigilant, untiring precautions
And provisions for all exigencies.
Now we can leave Carthaginian shores
Free from doubtful and apprehensive cares;
Undiscernible—screened from mortal eyes
By an auspicious nebulosity.
May the gods manifest their favor, and
With calm and ready winds felicitate
And speed our waiting and impatient ships.
Let us invoke the favorable winds
So that they should waft the galleys swiftly
O'er the briny deep.
Lo, Palinurus,
Urge the men to strive against the billows—
Let them breast the gale, and with steady strokes,
Bend the pliant oars and steer for port.
Let us not lose hope, but try with ardor,
Enhanced by prospects of security,
To find a shelter for these storm-tossed barks.

Palinurus:

The men are unfurling the ample sails
That lend themselves so advantageously
And perform in complaisant harmony
The bidding of the kindly zephyrs.
With unbated zeal and expeditious
Energy, they labor to leave these shores
Before Aurora, with her crimson train,
Illuminates the world in radiance.

Aeneas:

Let naught obstruct or retard their efforts,
But let them exert their facilities
Until the preparations are completed.
For under concealed cover of darkness
We must depart in hiding and disguise.

Palinurus:

My lord, all is perfected, and the men
Take their places on the rowing benches,
And ply the oars in unison.

Aeneas:

Let them
Skim o'er the waters, and churn up the foam,
For another aspect reveals itself—
An outlook of a land of promised joys.
Only the Almighty gods can prevent
And hinder our anticipatory
Happiness. So far, the Fates have been kind,
And have not thwarted our contrived project.
Carthage we have left behind us, and now,
Latium looms as our goal—the pinnacle
And culmination of our ambitions—
And—where Fate beckons, let us shape our course.

SCENE 2—*Dido's Palace.*

Anna:

The morning in all its sublimity
Pays fitting tribute to our lovely queen.
See the rays of dawn above the palace
Shedding the roseate gleams of splendor
That tint the marble walls in radiance
And signify of reverent homage
And due devotion to Beauty's power.
Happiness endows her with glorious
Ecstasy, and elevates her joyous
Spirits to heights above; such miracles
Are accomplished by all-engulfing love
That knows no bonds and concedes no fetters.

First Lady-in-waiting:

Have you then observed the Trojan hero
In his youthful courage and ambition
Lay siege to her impressionable heart?
Her former husband is a memory
Merged in oblivion by this attachment
That holds her fascinated and bewitched
In the transports of consuming passion.

Second Lady-in-waiting:
Rumor has it that the culmination
Of this affair will result in nuptial
Benedictions; think you it probable
That the Almighty gods would countenance
A violation of her former troth?
This rumor is not substantiated
And 'tis not known if there be truth in it.
But day after day the Trojans linger
At the behest of mighty Aeneas.
Conclusions are not difficult to draw
As to the reason of the postponement
And the delay of the journey.
But lo,
It seems to me the ships have departed;—
Perhaps the mists of early dawn deceive and
Play havoc with my fancy,—but the shore
Seems strangely deserted and abandoned.
Anna:
This is no vision, but bewildering
Reality that puzzles and distracts.
'Twas but yestereve that they all were standing
In tall and stately grandeur, like watchful
Sentinels before the guarded city.
And now the Trojans have departed—why
And where, we do not know.
But how can we
Convey this news to unsuspecting Dido
To mitigate the shock she will sustain?
First Lady-in-waiting:
Perhaps he told her of this departure
And the reasons for—
But, immortal gods,
She, herself, is coming towards us slowly
And by her smile, she does not know.
Dido: Behold,
What causes you to be so despondent
When all is light and joy and happiness;
What heavy cares burden you in secret
And begrudge you animative pleasures?
Naught is there to cause dissatisfaction—
The gods are so favorably disposed,
That elation seems to be our lot.
Anna,
Your face is deathly pale, and foretokens
Some dire calamity. Speak, what is it!
Anna:
Most lovely queen, turn your eyes to the shore—
The ships have all cut anchor before dawn
And now are sailing off. Without farewell,
Without excuse, the Trojans put to sea.
No ostensible motive arises
To explain this unpremeditated
And unwarranted action.
Did mighty
Aeneas reveal to you this sudden
Change of plans? Knew you of this beforehand?
Dido:
The ships are gone—the Trojans set to sail?
Speak you the truth, or do you scoff in jest?
I myself will look—
Oh, great gods, 'tis true;
The ships are gone and I am left alone.
Gods of my ancestors, what does this mean—
Hear you my shrieks of torturous anguish,
My bitter grief and harrowing sorrow?
Why am I inflicted with misfortune,
What persecutes me relentlessly?
My brain is afire, and my wounded heart
Is lacerated by a burning pain.
Anna:
Dido, do not allow this perfidy
To produce such rousing agitation.
You are overwrought and feverish through
The delirium of your suffering.
He went—called by duty to Italy—
Leaving you a victim of circumstance.
Dido:
Speak not to me of duty—what know you
Of the pangs of scorned and rejected love?
He left unseen—without farewell to me—

Without a word to ease my troubled heart,
Embracing the coward's alternative—
The stratagem of those at loss to act.
Avoiding contact and supposed reproach
He gave the order to depart at night.
My faith is shattered, and my joy gives place
To furious, disillusioned hatred.
Enkindled bitterness and lashing rage
Subvert my former love to wild anger
That necessitates retaliation
To soothe my resentment
Go, build a pyre—
Heap it well with yielding, pliant timber
That will leap to savage flames in triumph.
Build it high until it reach the heavens
And let it burn in fierce, exultant malice.
Cast away his gleaming sword and armor,
And his 'broidered robe of royal purple;
Every vestige that recalls his presence
And suggests his recreant faithlessness.
Let the flames consume in fiendish frenzy
Every token of remembrance, every
Memorial of my once sacred love.
Exit Anna

She has gone:
A tempest seethes within me
And my thoughts are morbidly reflective;
Why should I live when all happiness
Is a poisoned barb aimed in spiteful glee.
Why must I laugh—a false and mocking echo
To swerve attention from my breaking heart.
Oh, that we might cut this, our addled life
Ascescant through its sterile travail grown;
And by a lone abscission might perfect
Our sorry tale of unrequited all.
Why should we feel impelled to wait our ends
'Til nature's regimen has been unwound,
If in the interval our souls rebel
'Gainst dwelling longer in this blighted shell.
No, no—we give not our consent to birth,
Nor think, nor know, we of life's dreary dearth;
Our only potency lies there, but there—
That we may quit at will, this sorrow's lair.

Anna:

The pyre is built and all is completed,
I have followed your commands.

Dido: I will come
And look upon the bier that holds my hopes,
Ruined and shattered by the knell of death.
Give me his sword—the flashing, gleaming blade
Strengthens my wavering resolution.
Well may we say that love brings naught but grief
Heart ailment for which there is no relief.
It is a hollow, empty, soulless lure,
And for its aching void there is no cure.
Why are we so endowed with lovers' tools
If in applying them we play but fools?
Why for exerting nature's passion high,
Must we so suffer;why must we so die?
O love, unnatural birth of nature, vaunt;
Thy goal's attained—my body's pale and gaunt.
Which once was thy retreat, thy home and haunt!
I have enjoyed thee—now I must pay well;
Thus after heaven on earth, comes earthly hell.
Venus, fickle goddess of mortal love,
Sever my life, in pity, from above;
(*She stabs herself*)
Farewell, my flesh, revert to earth, once more,
From that thou com'st, return for ever more.
Mount upward, ever upward, oh, my Soul—
Thy name is now inscribed upon Death's roll.

SCENE 3—*Aboard Trojan vessel.*

Palinurus:
My lord, we are now near the promised land
Where we shall have reached our destination.
Carthage is behind us—a memory
Of sympathetic hospitality
That put new strength into our weary men.
The waves are calm and bear us readily
To the haven that is designated
By the gods.
Behold, the lambent
Flame of dawn leaps across the livid east
To inspire our hearts with safe assurance
Of a future released from doubtful cares
And unharassed with importunity.
It flings its crimson rays and brilliant hues
Upon the gloomy seas to dispel all
Indications of our despondency
And to symbolize our coming fortune
With omens that portend success and joy.

Aeneas:
Your words, O Palinurus, prophesy
A rest and safety from all turbulence.
The will of mighty Jupiter directs
And turns our course to paths of happiness.
Danger and weariness we have withstood
For all these years of our strange wanderings.
By force of circumstance we have survived
From submission to disappointed hopes
And unpropitious inconsistency.

Acestis (on watch):
Noble Aeneas, look ye toward Carthage.
There is consternation in the palace—
Evinced by inordinate excitement.
People are moaning, and run to and fro,
Rending the air with shrill and piercing cries
That speak of unexplainable horror.
Pandemonium itself reigns supreme
And spreads its hysteria over all.
The lamentations and the wailing shrieks
Signify some frightful tragedy.

Aeneas:
Lo,
'Tis true; Palinurus, what omen does
This sudden metamorphosis portend?
A curl of smoke ascends to the heavens—
Higher and higher it mounts, foretelling
Some dire disaster; like a harbinger
Of evil tidings it fascinates and
Thrills the curdling blood of the spectator.
The flames spring up in shooting, darting tongues,
Venomously evil and revengeful
As though to vindicate some heinous crime
And illuminate the skies; the palace
Stands in silhouetted darkness like an
Uncommunicative S p h i n x ; grotesque shapes
Evolve themselves and distorted faces
Seem to taunt and mock the sombre shadows
Lurking in their depths.
It would seem as though
Grinning demons with their fiendish delight
Were dancing in frenzied hilarity
About the fire; my brain is seething
With morbid conjectures that produce such
Strange and terrifyingly fanciful
Delusions of the imagination.

Palinurus:
Nay, my lord, they come not of your fancy—
They are not the phantasmagoria
Of a pre-occupied and worried mind,
But the evil spirits that attend all
Unnatural and self-imposed deaths.
Lo,
A funereal pall seems to bestow
Its mournful mastery o'er the people,
And to turn their thoughts into a common
Channel of commensurate affliction.
They move as those bereaved in times of grief,
Some weeping to display their emotions
Others praying to the great gods on high.

The pyre is surrounded reverently
And all are offering devout prayers
For the soul of the dead.—
Your face is pale,
My lord, and you seem strangely moved.
Aeneas: Depart
And leave me in solitude to reflect
In bitter reproachful soliloquy
Upon this unspeakable consequence
Of my apathetic indifference
That brought about this dreadful, awesome thing—
This action which I have perpetrated.
My anguish knows no bounds, and torturous
Self-condemnations sting me with remorse
That pursue and taunt me relentlessly.
I know not how to think or what to say;
Sorrow engulfs me in its poignant grief
And realization stuns me into
Bottomless depths of penitence.
Am I
But a mere plaything of the Almighty Gods
To be tossed about and disregarded—
Buffeted like a useless bagetelle
Upon the sea of human endurance?
Should I have held in scoffing derision
The mandates delivered by Mercury
And defied the commands with my leisure?
This malediction might have been deterred
At the price of incurred disapproval
And prolonged castigation by the gods.
But of what avail is this compunction
When mere remorse cannot bring back the dead?
The Fates have willed it, that while I suffer,
Anguish and contrition be my solace.
Misgivings that submerge my faculties
And leave them numb in repentent sorrow
Come hundredfold to overwhelm and to
Enhance my excruciating distress.
Palinurus:
My lord, I pray you, do not chide yourself
For these calamitous occurrences.
Why intensify your racking torment
With such apprehensive agitation
And bewail what was doomed to come about?
Turn your thoughts from saturnine reflections
And contemplate anew upon the future.
Latium, with all its opportunities,
Presents itself in radiant aspect;
The exultation of great achievements
Will be yours to acknowledge in triumph.
When we shall finally have gained its shores.
Omnipotent Jupiter himself guides
The ultimate progress of our voyage.
To him let us entrust our irksome cares
And let him swerve our destinies at will.
Aeneas:
Your confidence is firmly resolute
And invigorates my faltering hopes
So debilitated by ill-fated
And unpropitious circumstances. But
Can I hide this deed in oblivion—
Can I allay these pangs of conscience
That persecute me for this misfortune
Inflicted so unintentionally?
My heart is burdened with remorseful woe—
An incubus that cannot be relieved.
Oh, that I might forget this whole affair
And extinguish these dismal memories.
But Latium looms afar—an anchorage
For bitter disappointment and defeat.

The 1918 CALDRON

Hot Times in Hades

(By Rose Pelzweig, '18)

In those subterranean climes commonly designated by the picturesque appellation of Hades, the contest for mayoralty was being bitterly waged. The nominees, who were to deliver their stump speeches, in which were to be set forth the reasons why they should be given the office—a necessary formula in all well-regulated stump speeches — were "Spuds" Shakespeare, "Abe" Lincoln, and "Doc" Euclid. The presiding officer, or rather the referee, was Pluto, the judge, coroner, notary public, sheriff, chief of police and chairman of the program and ways and means committee. A large and varied audience was sitting along the ringside of the mammoth coliseum waiting with great interest and enthusiasm for the program to begin.

Pluto enters from the right wing of the large stage, and, with an oratorical flourish, begins his introductory speech:

Ladies and gentlemen, ye will witness today,
A scene that surpasses description;
'Twill be a fixed battle of wits as they say,
And we hope that 'twill pass without friction.
'Tis a galaxy bold that ought to be greeted,
With a niche in the great Hall of Fame;
And now all the cases will justly be treated—
I'll call the contestants, each by his name.

Loud cheers from the audience. Pluto tries to look modest, and succeeds in assuming a rakish pose which suggests that he realizes his undervaluation of himself. But then, perceiving that the people are expecting something, he resumes:

The first is Spuds Shakespeare, of fame and renown:
He wants to be chosen the Mayor of this town.
I'm sure that you're anxious to hear him debate,
As talking is Spuds's most distinguishing trait.

Much applause, and Pluto sits down to make room for Spuds Shakespeare. The latter advances gravely, and, with his characteristic suavity, thanks the assembly for their kind appreciation of him, and, without much more ado, starts upon his theme:

Friends, Romans and Countrymen:

Hear me for my cause, take my word for my honour, and stuff the ballots for my election. Some men are born great, some men are born greater, and some men just naturally grate on one, and that is the reason I want you to judge me, unprejudiced and kindly, as the good that men do is oft mistaken for their selfishness, but the evil is sure to live after them unless they have a good press agent who understands his job thoroughly. My friend Brutus says—and Brutus is an honorable man—that the mayoralty is the only road to a practically uncensored job. As that is the case, you can see that I want your support for sundry weighty reasons.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, as I am going to prove that I deserve more than my share. You all know

that the quality of mercy is not strained —it droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven upon both the deserving and undeserving alike; therefore, need I not expect as much leniency as you would grant another? I dare do all that may become a man—who dares do more is none. I can do no more than pass cigars around, and incidentally solicit your support. Life is a stage where every man must play his part; and, if I can't have a leading part, I don't want any.

And now, last but not least, the question is up before the house—to do or not to do. If you do not want to vote for me, then, you blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things, go to the blasted heath where you belong; but, if you promise to boost, push and ask no questions, then, in the words of my famous Macbeth, sometimes attributed to Sherman, "Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, Enough!'"

There was loud and enthusiastic applause at the conclusion of this spontaneous overflow of vocabulary, and Spuds sat down, evidently very well satisfied with the world in general, and himself in particular. Then Pluto, as master of ceremonies, again arose to do justice to the next contestant:

The next is "Abe" Lincoln, a good man and true,
His virtues are many, his faults are but few;
Whenever he argues, his speeches are curt,
For honest Abe Lincoln is always alert.

Then came some more applause, and Abraham Lincoln, the man of a hundred anecdotes, slouched towards the audience and started talking:

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth a new idea, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, with the same right to run and keep running for the mayoralty of any city, country or district. Now, I and my noble opponents are engaged in the serious occupation of endaevoring to obtain this position open to the most desirable. I am here today to prove that I am perfectly capable to dedicate part of my life to this most worthy pursuit—of managing Hades according to my own desires and inclinations, provided, of course, that the compensation is sufficiently large and attractive. Those other fortunate men, living or dead, who have been former mayors, have given the office a reputation far above our power to add or detract. As these men have derived much pecuniary benefit in various ways, therefore, I say, let us resolve most emphatically that they have not done so in vain—for they have left a precedent which is highly beneficial to him who can exercise it. Under an efficient mayor, such as I would doubtless prove to be, you would have an entirely new regime—a government by myself, of myself and for myself.

When Lincoln had finished this remarkable speech—remarkable in that it was so intensely direct and directly intense—the people, swayed by one of those indefinable impulses which one hears about so often nowadays, cheered loud and would have cheered long, but for the interruption of Pluto, who, having perceived by a look at his trusty Ingersoll, that the time was rapidly flying (a well-known and undisputed fact convincingly accounted for in a famous treatise entitled *"Tempus Fugit"*), introduced the third and last contestant:

And now comes Doc Euclid, well known o'er the state,
The mathematical genius who's fine in debate;
Though he argues in circles, in theorems and planes,
He'll prove that for mayor one needs just such brains.

The expectant applause following this character sketch ushered in the devout disciple of Pythagoras, who, having firmly reassured himself that, come what may, the locus of a point equidistant from the extremities of a given line would still be the perpendicular bisector of that line, launched forth briefly upon his topic:

As, in the course of my investigations I have perceived that a straight line of attack is the shortest path between two given points, I shall not waste any time upon introductory remarks, but will immediately demonstrate the following theorem:

I, Doc Euclid, am best fitted to be Mayor of Hades.

First, we are given the fact that Hades, a thriving and fast-growing suburb, is in need of a mayor. We have also given three nominees for this office.

Next in order, I am to prove that I am best fitted for this position, and the reasons whyfor.

And then in natural sequence comes the proof of the above statements supported by the authority of all the postulates and axioms known to the philosophical school of Plato.

As, according to the hypothesis, I am to show my qualifications for the position of mayor, I will expend in a cursory manner upon the subject of my early attainments. I am exceedingly well versed in practical geometry, having worked out the plans for the building of the pyramids and superintended the complicated digging of irrigation canals in the Sahara. I have perfected the theory of Pythagoras until now it is an infallible truth that the square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Why —Ladies and Gentlemen—I even invented the Method of Exhaustion (sometimes erroneously ascribed to Hippocrates), the application of which, on the students, is at present in great vogue among the teachers in the high schools of the secondary planet.

But enough of my own researches. Even yet there are some sceptics who claim that a mathematician cannot be converted into a politician without losing some of his mathematically precise instincts. Nevertheless, was it not Archimedes, my beloved predecessor, who stated that any figure may be moved from one place to another without changing its intrinsic value?

Unquestionably, I am the man for the job. Elect me for mayor and you will realize that, by virtue of my inexhaustible knowledge of proofs, propositions and suppositions, I will make a thorough, competent and efficient executive.—

Quod erat demonstrandum.

With a curt nod implying that he had finished, he returned to his seat amidst much puzzled applause. Profound respect for this impenetrable logic transfixed the whole audience, and a close observer, in fact, any kind of on observer at all, would have noticed a look of utter bewilderment upon the faces of the spectators.

But Pluto put an end to what might have started an argument, by stepping forward and saying:

And now that you've heard the addresses
of each,
I hope that you'll learn what they meant
they should teach;
And go cast your ballots for one of the
three—
To choose the best man, who e'er he may
be.

Accordingly, the audience walked out of the hall towards various booths, where pencil and paper were provided them by the precinct officers, who were Sir Walter Raleigh, Napoleon Bonaparte, George Washington, Julius Cæsar and Henry

VIII. After signifying their choice for mayor, the ghostly assembly piled out to the shore of the Styx, where Charon, who had for time immemorial conveyed passengers to and fro for a reasonable charge, ferried them to their respective dwelling places.

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And the next morning, the Asbestos Daily Bulletin contained the following pertinent announcement:

"Yesterday's election resulted in a majority vote for our favorite mathematician, 'Doc' Euclid. Although the other candidates are men of upright character and great ability, nevertheless we feel assured that our new mayor will be entirely satisfactory, for he is, without a doubt, a man who knows the unknowable, who can do the undoable and who is able to unscrew the inscrutable."

Our Rendezvous with Love

(H. M. S., '18)

Now while the one-half world doth sleep
Come, let us creep through shadows deep
To our rendezvous with love.

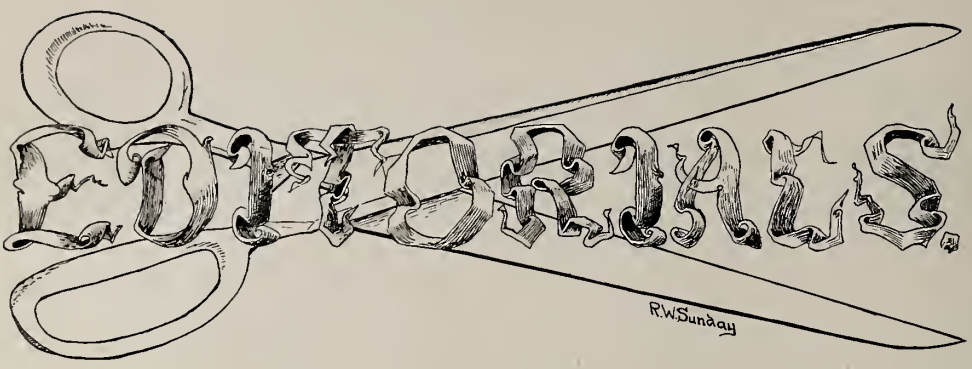
Haste, for the hours glide swiftly on;
We must be gone 'fore the break of dawn—
'Fore the shadows cleave above.

The moon doth reign in grandeur there.
Come, let us share the beauty rare,
And partake of the sylvan scene.

There let us while the hours away.
Love while we may; too soon the day
Will silently intervene.

To solitude we two shall hie,
Just you and I, dear, no one nigh;
And we'll plight our love anew.

Ah, my entreaty do not spurn;
My heart doth burn, my soul doth yearn
To keep that rendezvous.



For four years we have been working, and perhaps shirking, together. These have been happy years, very probably the best four we have enjoyed or ever will enjoy. As a joyful brook, they have sped swiftly, cheerily by, never to return; surmounting every little obstacle with a pleasing murmur and running deep with care-free pleasures and wholesome joys. It seems that only yesterday we were Freshmen, that only yesterday we began our secondary scholastic education. And now we have attained the goal that has been held up before us with all its satisfaction during these pleasant, fleeting years. We are about to graduate, and then continue our study in a higher institution of learning or undertake immediately the struggles of life. Have we all been successful up to this stage in our lives? Have we had a true, altruistic spirit, a desire to give the best in us for the uplift of our school and fellow students, to make the most of our high school careers?

Some author gave the following explanation of success: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction"

Of course, we are not old enough to have achieved success to such a degree. But as far as the above quotation can apply, the Class of 1918 has been very successful. We have filled our niche and accomplished our task in this school. Our fine debating teams have contributed pleasure and interest to those literarily inclined. Athletics with our strong support has reached and influenced many with its fascination and accompanying "pep" and enthusiasm. In conjunction these two diversions have had a good effect upon everyone, and as a result a democratic, edifying spirit has been maintained.

The Caldron, in spite of many difficulties and controversies, has, with a few exceptions, been a very good production.

In scholarship the Class of 1918 is unsurpassed.

Financially, the class and Caldron have a clear record.

But still we have not attained the highest success. All of us have not given the best we had. Our class is one of the best that ever attended this school, and yet it would have been infinitely better if all of us would have done our very best in all we undertook. So as we pass to a higher stage of life we should try harder to make the world a better place in which to live than we have worked for the uplift of this school We should be instilled with these immortal stanzas of Longfellow:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;



The Senior Directory

CLASS OFFICERS

John J. Stockberger - - - - President
James E. King - - - - Vice-President
Dorothy A. Shulze - - Secretary-Treasurer

SOCIAL COUNCILLORS

Hilda Schwehn Earl Thompson Victoria Gross

FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Eva Wingert Mr. Floyd Neff

CLASS COLORS

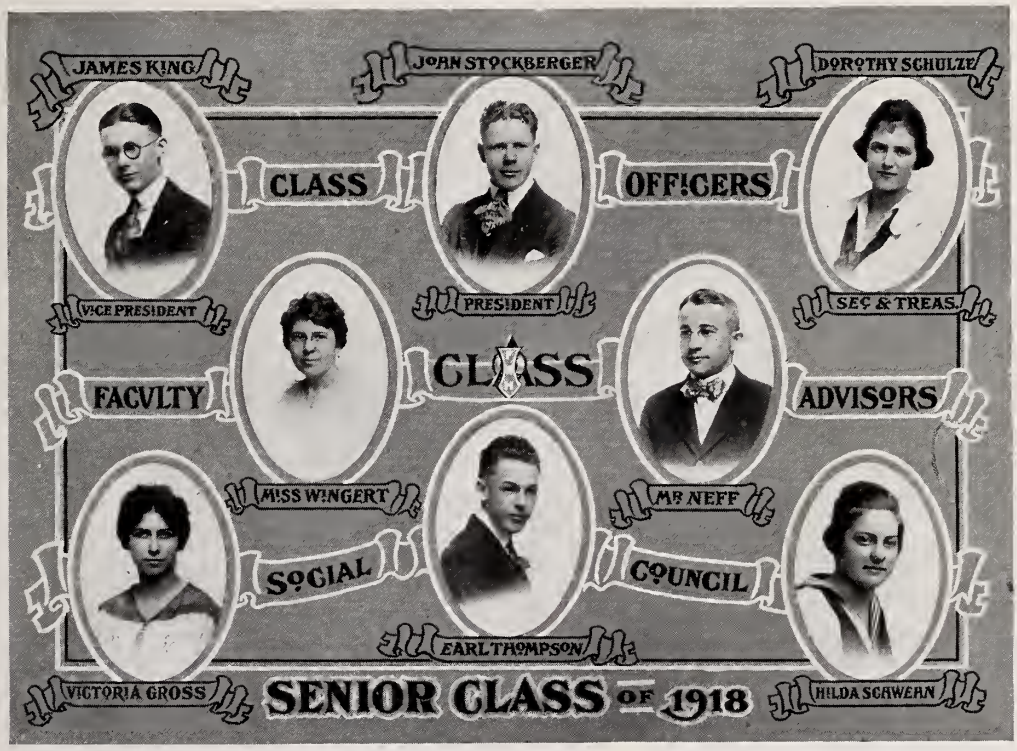
Purple and White

CLASS YELL

One—Nine—One—Eight,
We'll put them all in a helluva state;
We're rough, we're tough, we're hard to bluff,
Nineteen Eighteen—That's the stuff.
Ki Yi, Ki Yi, Flimmity Flam,
Tickle your nose—who gives a damn?
Purple and White, Purple and White,
Nineteen Eighteen—Out of sight.

CALDRON OFFICIALS

Howard M. Shambaugh - - - Editor-in-chief
C. Williard Moellering - - Business Manager


JAMES KING
JOHN STOCKBERGER
DOROTHY SCHULTZ
CLASS OFFICERS
VICE PRESIDENT
PRESIDENT
SEC & TREAS.
FACULTY
CLASS
ADVISORS
MISS WINGERT
MR NEFF
SOCIAL
COUNCIL
EARL THOMPSON
VICTORIA GROSS
SENIOR CLASS OF 1918
HILDA SCHWEHN



JOHN JACOB STOCKBERGER, JR.

Class President, Senior year; Social Council, Junior year; Chairman of All Committees, Senior year; Business Manager, Senior Play; **Pi Gamma;** Mathematics Club; Platonian Executive Committee, one term.

Business Manager, Senior play; Varsity basketball team, Freshman year; class track team, four yeas; class basketball team, four years; class football team, Freshman, Sophomore and Senior years; Cadet Corps, Baseball League.

"Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me."

JAMES EDWARD KING

Honor Student; Class Vice-President, Senior year; Treasurer, Platonian Literary Society, one term; Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Commencement Dance Committee; Mathematics Club; Reporter, Platonians, one term.

"Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man;
Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.

DOROTHY ANN SHULZE

Valedictorian of Nineteen Eighteen Class; Class Secretary-Treasurer, Senior year; Social Council, Junior year; Caldron Staff, Sophomore and Senior years; Mathematics Club; Vice-president and Chairman Service Committee, Friendship Club, Junior year; Senior Play Committee; Commencement Dance Committee.

"For when with beauty we can wisdom join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine."

HILDA MARIE SCHWEHN

Social Council, Senior year; Class and Vasity Basketball Teams, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; President of Sorosis, three terms, and Vice-president one term; Vice-president Mathematics Club, Junior year; Vice-president and Chairman of Program Committee, Friendship Club, Senior year, and Chairman of Membership Committee, Junior year.

"Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."





HOWARD MILLER SHAMBAUGH

Editor-in-Chief of 1918 Caldron; Class President, Sophomore and Junior years; Class Secretary-Treasurer, Freshman year; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; President **Pi Gammas;** President, Platonian Literary Society, one term—Vice-president, one term—Secretary, one term—Reporter, one term; Mathematics Club; Mourning Musical; Commencement Dance Committee; Twice District Representative in State Oratorical Contest; Detroit Debate; Richmond Debate; Kendallville Debate; Monroeville Debate; Platonian-Sorosis Debate.

"And in such indexes, although small pricks,
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come at large."

KARL MATHIAS BEIERLEIN

Honor Student; Assistant Edlitor of 1918 Caldron; Vice-president, Platonians, one term—Secretary, one term—Treasurer, one term; President, Mathematics Club, two terms—Secretary, one term.

"In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

CARL WILLARD MOELLERING

Business Manager of 1918 Caldron; Class Vice-president, Sophomore and Junior years; Social Council, Freshman year; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Chairman, Platonian Executive Committee, one term; Mathematics Club; Mourning Musical; Manager 1918 Independents, two years; Varsity Basketball Team, Junior and Senior years; Organizer and Major, High School Cadet Corp; Sergeant, Third Infantry, Indiana National Guard.

"View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can."

NEWTON EMBRY WARRINER

Assistant Business Manager of 1918 Caldron; Treasurer, Platonian Literary Society, Senior year; Treasurer, Mathematics Club, Senior year; X2C; Varsity Basketball Team, Senior year; Varsity Track Team, Junior and Senior years.

"And was the first
That practiced meanness under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge."





VIOLET EMMA BAUER

"You beat your fate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

HERMAN F. WM. BASHELIER

"For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

HELEN MARIE BECKETT

"Most women have no characters at all,
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown or fair."

ORIS JAY BLAKE

Varsity Track Team, Junior and Senior years.

"Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man who mocks at it and sets it light."





ELIZABETH SOPHIA BERGHORN

"Alas! how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again."

CLIFTON WAYNE CLAPESATTLE

"Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son."

ESTHER MARGARET BITNER

Honor Student; Mathematics Club; Friendship Club; Sorosis.

"Nowhere so busy a woman as she there was,
And yet she seemed busier than she was."

HERBERT ANTHONY CLEMENS

Advertising Manager Caldron; Mourning Musical; Platonians; Mathtmatics Club; Cheer Leader, Senior Class; class football team, two years.

"This man's state implies a necessary curse;
When not himself, he's mad; when most himself, he's worse."





MILDRED ERNESTINE BITNER

" 'Twere more than woman to be wise,
'Twere more than man to wish thee so."

LORIN ANTHONY COREY

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man.
When duty whispers low, THOU MUST,
This youth replies, I CAN."

MARGIE MAGDALENE BLACK

"I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience."

HENRY JOHN FREDERICK DANNECKER

Mourning Musical; Varsity basketball, Junior year; 1918 Independents, two years; school bowling team; Mathematics Club; President school orchestra, Senior year.

"I pant for the music which is divine;
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower.
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain
I gasp, I faint 'til they wake again."





CHARLOTTE MARIE BORKERT

"An idler is as a watch that wants
both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it
stands."

RALPH JULIAN DIDIER

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

"Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully or standing still."

LEONA MARY BOTTERON

"Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues
shoot."

CLAIR FERGUSON

Platonian Literary Society; Secretary Mathematics Club one term.

" 'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I
heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon, I
must slumber again'."





GENEVIEVE NELLIE BROWN

Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

"To get thine ends, lay diffidence aside;
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd."

ALBERT CARLYLE FISHACK

Platonian Literary Society.

"Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most
Will be much apter to despond than boast."

HELEN LETITIA BRYSON

Mathematics Club.

"'Tis good nature only wins the heart;
It molds the body to an easy grace
And brightens every feature of the face;
It smoothes th' unpolished tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense."

ALBERT HENRY FOERSTER

Captain class bowling teams four years.

"Though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet I have something in me dangerous.





MARTHA ELIZABETH CANADAY

"The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals:
Gives but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was."

JACK ROBERT FRANK

Caldron Staff, Senior year; Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club; Senior Play Committee; Publicity Manager, Senior Play; **Pi Gamma;** class bowling team four years—varsity, Senior year.

"Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone.
Where he succeeds the merit's all his own."

FLORENCE LORENE CHENNEOUR

"What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath.
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death."

CARL GUSTAVE FRIES

Class Sergeant-at-Arms, Senior year; Caldron Staff, Senior year; varsity basketball team, Junior and Senior years.

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."





JEAN MUIR DOBLER

Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Commencement Dance Committee; Mathematics Club.

O woman, perfeet woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented!

FRANCIS BEACH HALL

"Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego;
And count their youthful follies o'er,
'Til memory lend her light no more.
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestie in decay."

ETHEL MARIE EGGEMAN

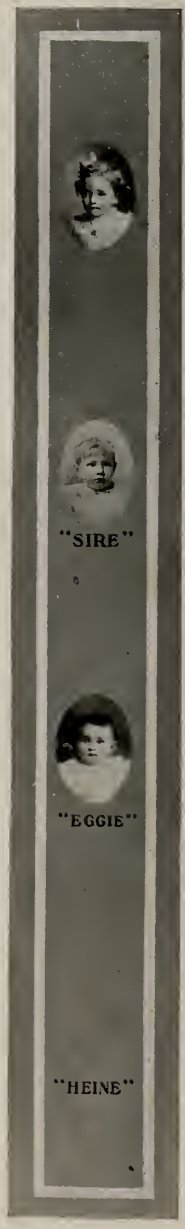
Charter member Sorosis; class basketball team three years; doubles champion in Tennis Tournament of 1916.

" 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal;
To be taken, to be seen,
These have erimes aceounted been."

HERMAN FREDERICK HEINE

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club; class bowling team, Junior and Senior years.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."





FRANCILE ERWIN

Mathematics Club; Commencement Dance Committee; Senior Vaudeville, 1916; Caldron Vaudeville, 1918.

"This house is to be let for life or years,
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone."

EUGENE LEE HELLER

"His only labor was to kill the time
(And labor dire it is, and weary woe).
He sits, he lolls, turns o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass may go
Or saunter forth with tottering step and slow."

ETHEL EVARD

Sorosis; Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

" 'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

LOUIS GEORGE HERRMAN

"What is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command."





JEANETTE MAE FRAME

"Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."

HELGE GUSTAV EMIL HOGLUND

Mourning Musical.

"I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace."

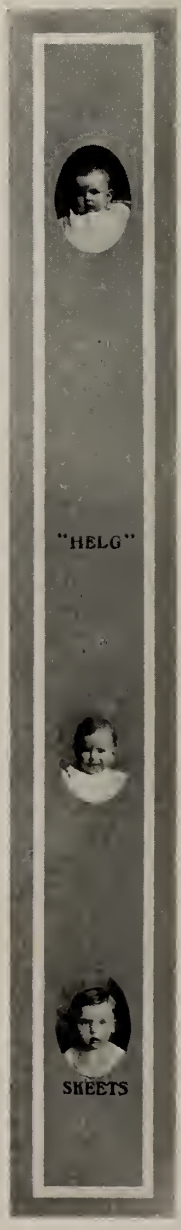
JULIA FLEMION

"In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supporst us all."

CLARENCE WILLARD HUNT

Honor student; Mathematics Club; Mourning Musical.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN!"





"BEE"



"VIC"



"RUSS"

"ED"

BEATRICE ELIZABETH GLOVER

Mathematics Club.

"Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exxceeds the compass of her wheel."

EDWARD HACKETT JACKSON

Honor student.

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe."

VICTORIA MILDRED GROSS

Honor student; Social Council, Senior year; Caldron Staff, Senior year; class basketball team, Sophomore and Senior years—varsity, Senior year; President Friendship Club, Senior year—Treasurer, Junior year; Secretary Sorosis, Sophomore and Junior years; Mathematics Club.

"It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire.
That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes
Is the fop's tinsel which the grave despise."

WALTER RUSSELL KLINGLER

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low."





VIOLA PAULINE HAIBER

Mathematics Club.

"'Tis beauty that does oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

FREDERICK WILLIAM KRATZ

"This wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven."

MARY RUTH HALLER

If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."

EUGENE KRAUS

Caldron Staff; Commencement Dance Committee; Platonian Literary Society; Secretary-Treasurer **Pi Gammas;** Mathematics Club; varsity bowling teams, Junior and Senior years; Stage Manager Senior Play; Assistant Manager Caldron Vaudeville.

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."





MABEL IDELLA HARTT

Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville.

"Matter of mirth enough, though, were there none,
She could devise, and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment."

PAUL BRADLEY LAPP

Honor student; Mathematics Club.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

ESTHER ELEANOR JOHNSON

"A woman is like—but stay,
What a woman is like, who can say?
There's no living with, or without one.
She's like nothing on earth but a woman."

DE WITT WALLACE MAY

Executive Committee Platonian Literary Society one term; track team, 1916; Secretary Fort Wayne Radio Association; Mourning Musical.

"Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."





EVELEEN JOHNSON

"If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when this woman appears."

FRANK HENRY MILLER

"For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time?"

EVANGELINE MARIAN KLINKEL

Sorosis.

"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful all around thee lying
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?"

RALPH EMERSON MILLER

Senior Play; Caldron Staff, Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club.

"Who does not love wine, woman and song
Remains a fool his whole life long."





HELEN KATHERINE KOHLER

Friendship Club; Sorosis.

"In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will,—and wisdom finds
the way."

NELSON HENRY PRENTISS

Circulation Manager of 1918 Caldron; Mathematics Club; President, Mourning Musical, Captain, Cadet Corps, Junior year.

"When griping grief the heart doth
wound,
And doleful dumps the mind op-
press,
Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend re-
dress."

AGNES SMITH LARIMORE

"Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us
mute."

FRED HUNTER PRESTON

"Rather to bow than break is prof-
itable;
Humility is a thing commendable."





FERN EVANGELINE LAUDEMAN

Honor student.

"Wisdom speaks little, but that little well;
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day."

DONALD CLAUDE PRICE

Platonian Literary Society.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

HELEN RUTH LEAKEY

"Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves."

HOWARD ALLISON QUICKSELL

Pi Gamma; Stenographer Platonian Literary Society; Assistant Stage Manager Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Caldron Staff; Pin and Ring Committee; Announcement Committee; Commencement Dance Committee

"Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose follies please."





VIOLA EMMA LONG

Sorosis; Junior Red Cross; Friendship Club.

"And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety."

VICTOR WILLIAM RODGERS

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

EDITH JEAN LONGSWORTH

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

CLINTON WILLIAM ROOT

Platonian Literary Society.

"He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own."





ANNA ELIZABETH LOWRY

Sorosis; Friendship Club.

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth."

HARRY SLACK

Mathematics Club; Platonian Literary Society.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

CLEORA GENEVIEVE MAJOR

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

"A maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Doth tire the ingener."

HORACE WILBUR SMITH

Varsity basketball team, Senior year—class team, Freshman and Senior years.

"Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"





"HUDDIE"





"JOE"

HELEN MARCELLA MARSHALL

Friendship Club.

"O grant me heaven a middle state
Neither too humble or too great;
More than enough for nature's ends
With something left to treat my friends."

EARL FOSTER THOMSON

Social Council, Senior year; Executive Committee, Platonian Literary Society, one term; Mathematics Club.

"Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best parts aspire."

KATHERINE MARIE MILLER

Honor student; class basketball team, Freshman, Sophomore and Senior years; Pin and Announcement Committee; Vice-President Sorosis, one term—Secretary, one term; Friendship Club.

"Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind;
Fondly they think they honour merit then
When they but praise themselves in other men."

JOSEPH LEMON UNDERHILL

Social Council, Sophomore year.

"When a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defense."





CHARLOTTE MARIE MILLS

Caldron Staff; Caldron Vaudeville; Mathematics Club.

"Whose follies, blazed about, to all are known,
And are a secret to herself alone."

"PETE"

HOWARD LOBDELL VAN ARNAM

President Platonian Literary Society, one term—Secetary, three terms; Pin and Announcement Committee; **Pi Gamma.**

"Intellect can raise
From airy words alone, a pile that ne'er decays."

"BAKE"

GRACE KATHERINE MISNER

Sorosis; Friendship Club; Pin and Announcement Committee.

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul."



EARL VIRTS

Platonian Literary Society.

" 'Tis immortality to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heaven."

"VIRTS"



ETHEL BLANCH MOLLET

"I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think it so because I think it so."

LAWRENCE THOMAS WHITINGER

"They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think."

HILDA MARIE MUELLER

" 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Are just alike, yet each believes his own."

RALPH FREDERICK WILKENS

Circulation Manager of 1918 Caldron; track team, Junior year; Mathematics Club; Platonian Literary Society; Social Council, Junior year; varsity basketball team, Junior and Senior years—Captain, Senior year; Pin and Ring Committee; Announcement Committee.

"If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why I drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by-and-by,
Or any other reason why."





LEORA JEAN MULLIGAN

"Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach
And which a master-hand alone can reach."

CLARENCE EDWARD WOEBBE-KING

Class doubles champion in School Tennis Tournament in 1916—mixed doubles champion in 1917; Tennis Committee 1917 and 1918.

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

EDITH CATHERINE NEELY

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

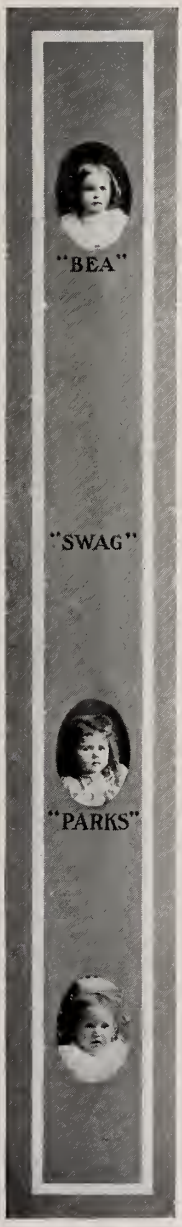
"But honest instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit."

JOSEPH EARL WOODING

Class basketball team, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior years—Varsity basketball team, Senior year; football and baseball teams, Junior and Senior years; vice-president Platonians '16-'17; chairman Executive Committee '17-'18; director of school orchestra; assistant business manager Senior play; Senior Play Committee; school debating team in Kendallville, Detroit, Monroeville and Auburn debates.

"Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
'Til by broad spreading it disperse to nothing."





CLARA BEATRICE NICHOLSON

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

"Alas! by some degrees of woe,
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain."

ISRAEL ZWEIG

Varsity track, Senior year; class football teams, Freshman and Senior years.

"He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to a thing I cannot get."

MYRTLE VIOLA PARK

"Her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy regions stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night."

LUCILLE MARGARET PARKER

"If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."





ROSE PELZWEIG

Caldron Staff; Caldron Vaudeville; Senior Play Committee.

"And pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."

LAURA ELIZABETH PHIPPS

Honor student; Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

"Like the sun, true merit shows;
By nature warm, by nature bright,
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrowed light."

HELEN LOUISE POHLMEYER

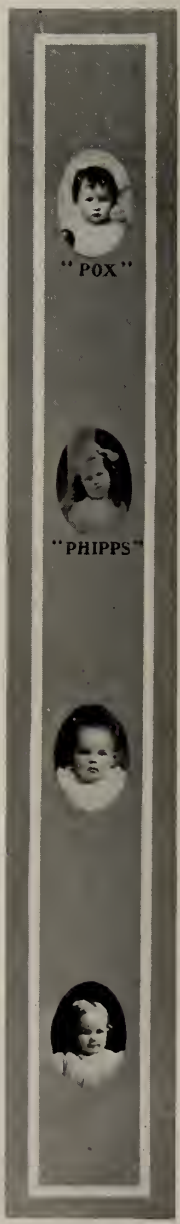
Class basketball teams, four years—varsity, Junior and Senior years. Mathematics Club.

"The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears."

ETHEL MARGUERITE ROBERTS

Honor student; Secretary Mathematics Club, one term; Sergeant-at-Arms Sorosis, one term—Treasurer, one term; Secretary Friendship Club, one term.

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."





VELMA LEONA ROY

"'Tis great—'tis womanly to disdain disguise,
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength."

HELEN MARY SCOTT

"Men are more eloquent than women made;
But women are more powerful to persuade."

MARGUERITE ANNE SCOTT

Mathematics Club.

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

ESTELLA MARIE SHERBONDY

"One only care your gentle breast should move—
Th' important business of your life is love."





KATE GLAZIER SHOAFF

Chairman Executive Committee Sorosis, one term; Treasurer Friendship Club, two terms;

"The common ingredients of long life are:
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care."

OLGA MARIE SIHLER

Secretary Friendship Club, one term; Vice-President Mathematics Club, two terms; Vice-President Sorosis, one term; Caldron Staff, 1917; class basketball teams, Sophomore and Senior years.

"And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most that have the least to say."

FREEDA WILMA SIPLES

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

MOLLY SIRIT

"Oh, she is colder than the mountain's snow,
To such a subtle purity she's wrought."





LILLIAN BELLE SMITH

"Hs is fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

FRANCES LA FERN STEVENS

"If we see right we see our woes;
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise."

HELEN STOPHER

Salutatorian; class Vice-President, Freshman year—Secretary-Treasurer, Sophomore year; Friendship Club; Treasurer Sorosis, one term; debating team, 1918.

"Where is the man that hath the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't."

MARGARET JOHANNE STRIEDER

Class basketball team, Sophomore year; Senior varsity, Junior year; costumer Senior Play.

"She's an angel in a frock
With a fascinating cock
To her nose."





ALICE DOLORES TEMPLE

Mathematics Club.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

UNAFRED ULMER

"A cheek tinged lovely and a dove-like eye;
And all hearts bless her as she passes by."

THEKLA MARIE WERMUTH

Varsity basketball team, four years; Captain, Junior and Senior years; Captain, class teams; champion, mixed doubles, 1917; class singles champion, 1916; Announcement Committee; Sorosis; Mathematics Club.

"The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend."

ADELAIDE KATHRYN WHEELER

"I have ease and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth—
A heart that laughs at care."





HILDA CAROLINE WIGGERT

Honor student; Friendship Club.

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man."

ALICE RASTETTER WILKENS

Honor student; Sorosis; Friendship Club.

"What nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy—
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

ERMA LORENE WINTERS

Honor student; Sorosis; Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

"True joy is only hope put out of fear;
And honour hideth error everywhere."

MARY WOODHULL

Sorosis; Friendship Club.

"Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a vague variety of woe."



Senior Class History

Although the grand and noble class of 1918 was born in February, 1914, it was not until September that it was christened. Its christening was the class election, when the fatherly Juniors helped us decide our officers. Clarence Strodel was elected president, Helen Stopher, vice-president, Howard Shambaugh, secretary and treasurer, Connie Bogart, Bob Seidel and Marg Evans social council, Mrs. Edson and Miss May, faculty advisors. We decided upon purple and white as our class colors. Two class parties were given and were real successes. The first was a near tragedy when some roughs mixed some whiskey in the cider and the second was almost spoiled by some 1919 roughs whom we had so graciously invited.

And then, in September, 1915, we became Sophomores, tra-la. Then a bum staff was elected. Howard Shambaugh, president; Bill Moellering, vice president; Helen Stopher, Secretary and Treasurer (only good one on the staff), Norman Kendall, Clarence Figel and Joe Underhill, council; Hank Dannecker, Sergeant at Arms, B. Wilkens, cheer leader. Sweet Miss Brown and Shorty Neff were elected faculty advisers.

A Tennis Tournament was organized in the class, which give honors to Tec Wermuth, Tec and Ethel Eggeman, Mulholland, and Mulholland and Woebbeking. A class orchestra was organized, which rapidly became popular.

The parties were held in November and March, the first being a county fair, and the second a dancing party at Unity hall. During this year, Mr. Ward showed his bull-headedness by too severely punishing anyone attempting to wear class colors.

In 1916 we realized that our staff had done very well, so we elected Shambaugh president once more. Bill Moellering, the fellow who organized the bum cadet business, was elected vice-president; Clarence Figel, secretary and treasurer; Ralph Wilkens, Dorothy Shulze and J. Stockberger, social councillors. Mr. Neff and Miss Seymour were chosen faculty advisers.

In November we held a class party which was the very first in which a real play was given. Such celebrities as Dorothy Shulze, Myrtle Park, Stockberger, Shambaugh and Moellering, scored a tremendous hit. Refreshments and dancing closed a really good time.

We then held a Caldron election which resulted as follows. Howard Shambaugh, Editor; Karl Beierlein, Assistant Editor; Willard Moellering and Newton Warriner, Business Managers. The following staff was chosen by the Editor. Literary—Rose Pelzweig, Eugene Heller, Howard Van Arnam. Exchange—Helen Stopher, Joe Underhill. Illustrators—T. Wermuth, John Watt, James King. Athletics, Jack Frank, Vic Gross. Class Editors—William Teddie Regenauer and Dorothy Shulz. Society—L. Smith, Louise Baade, Grace Randall. School News—Kraus and Miller. Jokes—Wooding and Fries. With such a staff we were assured of the best Caldrons ever printed.

Another class party, similar to the first, was given and was a great success. Also a class tennis tournament was very successful. Thus ended our Junior year.

For our last year, the great, glorious Senior year, we studied a long time before selecting the following officers: John Stockberger, President; James King, Vice-President; Dorothy Shulze,

Secretary-Treasurer; Vic Gross, Hilda Schwehn and Earl Thompson, Social Council. Our able Mr. Neff was chosen a faculty adviser as was Miss Wingert. This staff of officers were surely well fitted to pilot our class thru its last successful year.

Of course, the Senior play was the best ever given. Truly, it was a real success and many a former member of this school admitted that it was the best he had ever seen. We also gave a Senior benefit at the Orpheum, which exceeded our highest expectations. Then the Caldron Vaudeville was given, and I am forced to admit that it was much better than the Keith circuit. Every act was a star act, and everyone was pleased with the performance. Our party on March 20 was "Thickly" attended ("thickly" because it wasn't April yet) and even Mr. Ward admits that it was the best Senior Representation that the school ever witnessed. We then had a little trouble with a couple of agitators of the I. W. W. type who tried to ruin the Caldron staff, but they were promptly squelched

So the class of 1918 closes its history with pride. It was well represented in everything—athletics, music, art and especially the honor roll. It's memory will live in the heart of everyone who witnessed its progress, and the school itself will cherish the memory of so lively a class. The patriotism of the class has shown itself by the enlistments of such men as Strodel, Figel, Rohan and Guenther, and the class has subscribed handsomely to every war demand. The class has withstood every knock and has grown with every boost, until we now stand at the pinnacle of fame, with fond remembrances of happy school days. And though most folks are striving to keep their souls lily white, I know that when St. Peter opens the gate for me, all I shall say will be—Purple and white and know that I will be freely admitted. Success forever to any member of the 1918 class and to anyone who was once a member, such as,

William T. Regenauer, 1918

Only a Rosebud

(The Hi School Song)

Those happy school days that are no more!
Their scenes of pleasant life to us are o'er:
Only in memory must they now awake
And time their fond impressions deeper make.

CHORUS:

Today our hearts are looking back with a sigh;
To all school joys we bid adieu;
And all those duties that were ours to do
We leave to 'gin the life more true.

There is a gladness that we feel—each one—
Beginning the new where the old is done;
Yet in this gladness is a heartfelt pain—
That we not, as we are, will be again.

CHO.

Tonight together and in all we're one;
Tomorrow will that oneness be unknown?
Tonight together, and it is our last;
Tomorrow will we think of what is past?



JUNIOR

The Junior Directory

Motto, "On and Upward"

OFFICERS

President	Edward White
Vice-President	Robert Warren
Treasurer	Helen Warner

SOCIAL COUNCIL

Louise Baade Herbert Stephens Irene Ligget

FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Nelson Mr. Northrop

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

CLASS YELL

1—9—1—9—
We'll show 'em all a heluva time;
We're tall, we're short, we're fat, we're lean;
Clear the track for Nineteen.

NEXT YEAR'S CALDRON OFFICERS

Editor-in-chief	Robert Warren
Assistant Editor	Frank Travers
Business Manager	Herbert Stephens
Assistant Business Manager	Louis Epstein


HELEN WARNER
SEC. TREAS.
FRANK TRAVERS
CLASS
ROBERT WARREN
WORKS EDITOR of 1919 CALDRON
LOUIS EPSTEIN
EDWARD WHITE
PRESIDENT
JUNIOR
CLASS
OF 1919
HERBERT STEVENS
BUSINESS MANAGER
1919 CALDRON
OFFICIALS
MISS NELSON
FACULTY ADVISOR
MR. NORTHROP
FACULTY ADVISOR
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
ASSISTANT EDITOR
Caldron Staff of 1919
IRENE LIGGETT
LOUISE BAADE
Social Council

1919 Class Review

In the year 1915 there came into the Fort Wayne High School one of the best classes that has ever entered,—the 1919 class. It is a class that has played a large and important part in our school life and its most prominent part will be played during the next year, when it takes upon itself that very official title, "The Senior Class."

The first important event in our class history was our first class election. The Juniors were kind enough to give us their valuable aid and, under their direction, the meeting was held with only two or three riots to disturb its course. Darwin Myers was chosen "father of his class," and was issisted by Erna Bruns as vice-president, and John Watt as secretary-treasurer. During our freshman year we gave our first class party, which was a great success. The first two of the above-mentioned officers are no longer with us, but our old friend John Watt has survived the terrific struggle and is still "on the job." We elected him president for the Sophomore year and he was assisted by Edward White and Herbert Stevens. Two class parties were given during this year, which were as successful as our first. Edward White has been president during our junior year, Robert Warren vice-president, and Helen Warner secretary-treasurer. Near the beginning of the first semester we organized the freshman class in a manner very deserving of praise, even if we must say so ourselves. About the same time we had a Junior benefit at the Orpheum, which materially helped to swell our treasury. Bad weather and other unavoidable conditions have prevented several social events which we planned, but we shall make up for them later. We celebrated Washington's birthday by holding our Caldron Staff Officers election. As usual, there was very little rivalry between the candidates nominated, the editor and assistant editor being elected unanimously. The young man who is going to direct the best Caldron issues ever published is Robert H. Warren, and his assistant is Frank Travers The business manager is Herbert Stephens, who will be issisted by Louis Epstein. These four officers appointed the staff early in April. (The personnel of the staff is printed elsewhere in this Annual.)

On Tuesday evening, April 16th, the Junior class revived the old, ever-popular Junior Complimentary Dance, to which all Seniors were invited. Everyone present thoroughly enjoyed the evening and it is sincerely hoped that all succeeding junior classes will keep up this most popular function, which the present Junior class has revived.

The best and greatest efforts of the class must be put forth in our next and last year. If our class goes into it heart and soul and we are certain that it will, we may be sure that our Caldron will be a splendid success and that our career in the Fort Wayne High School will be terminated only after we have done our great part in bettering the conditions in the school.

F. T. '19.

Sophomore



The Sophomore Directory

CLASS OFFICERS

Howard Bash - - - - - President
Walker McCurdy - - - - Vice-President
William Carnahan - - - Secretary-Treasurer

FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss Williams Mr. Voorhees

SOCIAL COUNCIL

Lucile Franke Arthur Berghoff Walter Helmke

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and White

CALDRON REPORTERS

William Carnahan Walker McCurdy


SOPHOMORE CLASS OF 1920
HOWARD BASH
PRESIDENT
CLASS OFFICIALS
WALKER Mc CURDY
VICE PRES.
WM CARNAHAN
SEC. TREAS.
FACULTY ADVISORS
MISS WILLIAMS
Mr VORHEES
SOCIAL COUNCIL
WALTER HELMKE
LUCILE FRANKE
ARTHUR BERGHOFF

Sophomore Class History

W. E. Helmke, '20.

In a seemingly very short time we have covered the first and second lap of our High School course. Although the time seems to have sped past unusually fast, noteworthy incidents have happened which will make us remember our Freshmen and Sophomore years.

After we became accustomed to the actions of those bold Juniors and Seniors we held an election by the aid of a few older members. Room 1 was crowded with enthusiastic Freshmen, eager to vote for their best friends. Those who were victorious were: Howard Bash, president; Sarah Grace Randall, vice-president; Walker McCurdy, secretary-treasurer. Arthur Berghoff, Katheryn Rauch and William Carnahan were chosen members of the Social Council. Later Miss Williams and Mr. Vorhees were chosen as our faculty advisers. Maroon and white were selected for our class colors.

The social activities had their opening on the evening of December 8, 1916. The attendance was very large, and everyone seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. We had the pep. We only needed the party to start us off. We had the characteristics of Freshmen, for we were watching the other classes with amazement when our class officials woke us up with the second class party. This party was held on the evening of May 29, 1917, with great success. After this happening we directed our minds to that day in June which would bring us joy and happiness.

Then came a day in September which made us Sophomores. We started on our second lap acting as wise as possible. As you know, Sophomore means wise. Then came the election. But it took two attempts to determine who should be our officers. Finally Howard Bash was again made president, with Walker McCurdy to act as vice-president. William Carnahan was made secretary-treasurer. Lucile Franke, Arthur Berghoff and Walter Helmke were chosen to show the class a good time. Miss Williams and Mr. Vorhees were again wisely chosen as our faculty advisers.

On the 21st of December, 1917, the Social Committee managed to arrange for a party. But it did not surpass the rest, since the attendance was not so large. We made a little money, so it was no failure—thanks to Lucile Franke, who obtained the cookies free of charge. After Christmas a class pin was selected, but very few were ordered.

While drifting along to nowhere, the class officers were called to attention by Miss Williams to get busy for a class party. By the able planning and directing of Miss Williams and good advice of Mr. Vorhees a patriotic party was held May 3, 1918, which excelled all the rest. Walker McCurdy was the able director of the demonstration in the audiotrium. This vaudeville was so well carried out that it rivaled the Caldron Vaudeville. The amusements in the rooms could not be held since the vaudeville lasted too long. The party was a regular record breaker, representing the spirit of the 1920 class.

We have completed the second year in High School with more spirit than ever. May our Junior and Senior years be more successful and surpass the preceding ones in school activities.


BABY EDUCATOR
FWHS
FRESHMAN!

The Freshman Directory

CLASS OFFICERS

Ervin Deister - - - - - President
James Bitner - - - - Vice-President
Julia Bash - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

FACULTY ADVISERS

Miss May Mr. Murch

SOCIAL COUNCIL

Helen Willson Robert Koerber Velma Crawford

CLASS COLORS

Black and Gold


FRESHMEN
CLASS OF 1921
JAMES BITNER
ERVIN DEISTER
JULIA BASH
CLASS OFFICIALS
VICE PRES.
PRESIDENT
SEC-TREAS.
FACULTY ADVISORS
MISS MAY
MR. MURCH
SOCIAL COUNCIL
HELEN WILSON
ROBERT KOERBER
VELMA CRAWFORD

Freshman Class History

The Nineteen-twenty-one Class entered Fort Wayne High School with the same fear as every new class enters, but it didn't take us long to forget that fear and become a part of the school. Due to the fact that our beloved principal thought it best that we get well acquainted with each other before holding our election, we had none until February, 1918. Our kind guardians, the Juniors, lent us their assistance, and Miss Wingert was, of course, present. What Freshman class election has been without her? At this meeting we elected Louis Sterling president, Irwin Deister vice-president, and Julia Bash secretary-treasurer. Velma Crawford, Robert Koerber and Helen Willson were chosen to serve on the Social Council, with Miss May and Mr. Murch faculty advisers. Gold and black were selected for our class colors.

Shortly after our first election our worthy president moved to Chicago, and we held another meeting. It was unanimously voted to give Mr. Deister the presidency and to elect another vice-president. Mr. James Bitner was honored with this office. After that meeting Fort Wayne High School began to buzz. Nineteen-twenty-one was making things hum.

On April 12th we held our first class party. Success? Well, I guess. We had a program in the auditorium first. Miss Florence Gruber and Miss Violet Reinewald gave us several dancing numbers. Master Bill Hall kept the audience guessing how he worked his mysterious tricks. As the last number was completed the strains of the Kuckuck Jazz Orchestra floated into the auditorium and everyone rushed for the halls to dance. It was impossible for anyone to keep his feet still. Some of the smaller boys were a bit bashful about asking any of the girls to dance for fear they (?) might dirty their (?) shoes. However, even they could not keep still, so they danced alone or with each other. Our worthy guardians were present and helped to keep everything in order. Our bank account isn't so very large, but as long as the party was such a success and we more than cleaned expenses, money doesn't worry us.

It was too late to do anything else this year ,so we have left the good for now and have been applying ourselves to our studies. Next year we are going to do big things. We want to thank the Juniors for their kind help and good advice, and we want them always to remember that they are more than welcome to any of our social activities.

Mr. Deister has certainly proved himself a most competent president. Miss Bash has not run away with our money, so we close our Freshman year to enter our Sophomore year with more "pep" and "ginger" than any class previously has entered.—H. Willson.

Honor Roll

HONOR ROLL

The following pupils had at least 4 A's or E's for the semester closing June 14, 1918:

SENIORS:

K. Beierlein .....3A's—1E
C. Clapesattle .....2A's—2E's
E. Jackson .....3A's—1E
J. King ..... 4E's
E. Roberts .....3A's—2E's
A. Wilkens ..... 5E's

JUNIORS:

M. Biddle ..... 4E's
G. Bisson ..... 5E's
E. Chambers .....2A's—4E's
H. Crawford ..... 4E's
R. Entrodacher ..... 4E's
F. Gerberding ..... 4E's
M. Ingham .....1A —3E's
K. Jackson .....4A's—3E's
G. Koons .....1A —3E's
N. Lachot .....1A —3E'e
B. Lockridge .....2A's—4E's
E. Owen .....4A's—2E's
M. Shaffer .....2A's—2E's
L. Simpson .....1A —3E's
F. Travers .....2A's—3E's
M. Umbach .....4A's—3E's
G. Crane .....1A —4E's
W. Kappel .....3A's—2E's
E. Ross .....3A's—3E's

SOPHOMORES:

D. Beck ..... 4E's
M. Eaton ..... 5E's
J. Erwin .....1A —5E's
R. I. Evans ..... 4E's
K. Feiertag ..... 4E's
W. Heine .....3A's—2E's
W. Helmke .....1A —4E's
E. Hudson .....2A's—4E's
M. Irmscher .....2A's—4E's
L. Kibiger .....2A's—3E's
L. Kibiger ..... 4A's
R. Kinerk .....2A's—3E's
M. King ..... 4E's
H. Knauer .....2A's—3E's
L. Kraus .....1A —3E's
S. Lockridge .....2A's—3E's
A. McKeehan .....1A —3E's
G. Miller .....1A —3E's
M. Murray .....2A's—3E's
E. Pfeiffer .....1A —6E's
H. Rapp ..... 5E's
D. Simpson .....2A's—4E's
V. Taylor ..... 5E's
L. Wager .....1A —3E's
B. Welch ..... 6E's
O. Welch ..... 4E's

9B FRESHMEN:

H. Brewer .....1A —3E's
H. Deister .....1A —4E's
C. Dutton ..... 4E's
A. Eickensehn ..... 4E's
H. Evard .....1A —6E's
M. Norton .....1A —3E's
M. Pfeiffer .....1A —4E's
R. Rothberg .....1A —3E's
A. Schmuck ..... 4E's
H. Stein .....3A's—2E's
S. Walker .....1A —3E's
M. Warriner ..... 4E's

9A FRESHMEN:

K. Beierlein .....1A —6E's
M. Bleke .....1A —4E's
E. Deister .....2A's—3E's
D. English ..... 4E's
N. Hadley .....1A —3E's
M. Halfman ..... 5A's
S. Huke .....3A's—3E's
M. Kaiser .....1A —3E's
R. Koerber .....4A's—1E
I. Ludurg .....1A —3E's
E. Moll .....1A —6E's
E. Oyer .....1A —3E's
B. Parker ..... 4E's
I. Steiss ..... 4E's
G. Tarletz ..... 4E's
E. Wenk .....1A —3E's
H. Wooding .....4A's—3E's
J. Crane ..... 4E's

Honor Roll---Continued

H. Brueckner .....2A's—5E's
C. Horman ..... 4E's
L. Polhamus .....2A's—2E's.
S. Ruke .....3A's—1E
H. Willson .....1A —3E's

The following pupils were not below G underscored in any subject for the semester closing June 14, 1918:

SENIORS:
E. Bitner
M. Frame
E. Evard
G. Fries
E. Graham
V. Gross
C. Hunt
P. Lapp
M. Miller
L. Phipps
K. Shoaff
O. Sihler
M. Strieder
E. Thomson
E. Winters

JUNIORS:
L. Baade
N. Banks
M. Barthold
E. Breedon
K. Breuckner
H. Carter
M. Cook
N. Dixon
A. Johnson
G. Schwehn
E. Steele

SOPHOMORES:
B. Bentz
E. Bleke
W. Brooks
L. Clapesattle
M. Crighton
L. Grosvenor
J. Haiulet
B. Klaehn
K. Lose
I. Freeman
M. Woebbeking

9A FRESHMEN:
H. Auman
E. Branning
F. Carey
E. Ternean
G. Glissman
D. Hormel
C. Irwin
C. Lewis
O. Mertz
E. Mesing
G. Palmer
H. Pape
E. Schwartz
D. Shunk
W. Sihler
H. Sthair
H. Wellman
D. Wild
M. Wilkinson
O. Wyneken
A. Ackerman
J. Bitner
G. Garuer
M. Gladden
R. Guyer
F. Salon
V. Thieme

9B FRESHMEN:
J. Bond
F. Breedon
E. Burt
H. Doyle
M. Ehrman
E. Ellyson
M. Heine
H. Kutsch
L. Lehman
G. Laudeman
H. Miller
W. Notestine
J. Plackett
E. Roth
E. Sirit
A. Smith
A. Stickly

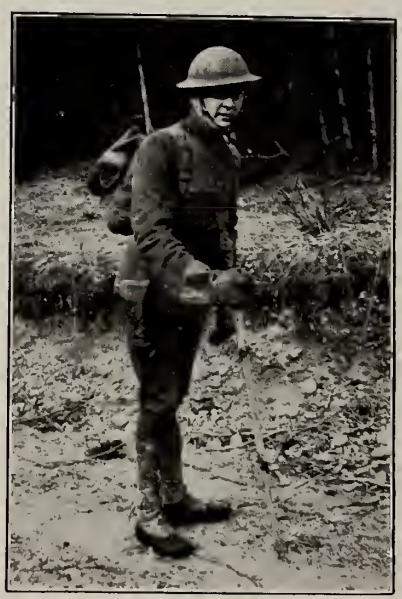


MILITARY SECTION

My Brother

Besse Banks, '19

You went away at your country's call—'
You left your home and dear ones all;
You laid your life on God's own altar,
But not a beat did your brave heart falter;
You stood erect, your head held high,
As if you challenged the fear to die;
And in your eyes, the steady gleam,
As all your future died like a dream;
You marched on to free the world,
And see the stars and stripes unfurled;
As you said, to each dear friend, "Goodbye,"
A misty tear stood in your eye;
But you brushed it aside with manly ways,
And tried to speak of brighter days,
And said, ' Don't worry; it won't be long,—
Cheer up, and bear it with a song,"
But, as the order came to start,
You held us close up to your heart,
And breathed your blessing on each one there
As you gave to God your first prayer,
To guard, and protect those whom you love,
And your words went out to Him above.



JOHN O. BANKS
Machine Gun Squad, Bat. D, 150th F. A.
France

That was all, and oh God, now
We call on you to teach us how
To forever see the brighter view
Which brings us closer to him and you.
Oh God,—my prayer, where'er he be,
Guard, and save him for Eternity.
If it be thy will, this I ask—
To bring him, safely, home at last.

Fellow Students:—When unfurling this service flag today, it is well for us to try to realize just what it means or symbolizes. Obviously, it means that the men represetned have been patriotic and have gone to serve their country. In reality, it is a sign whereby the world at large may know that the man or men who resided or worked within the residence or office where the flag is displayed, has given up his hope, his ambition, his family, his friends, in order that he might throw his weight in the balance of destiny to further the cause of democracy in this greatest of all wars. This flag is symbolical then, of the greatest of sacrifices. It signifies that the men whom it represents are ready to give up all, even to life itself, that justice and right and not autocracy and might shall prevail in the world.

To me the service flag connotes two distinct pictures; one of how appropriately the star was picked to represent those who of their own free will decided to give all that they have and all that they are that democracy might live forever, and the other of the strength that it imparts and of the sense of security that is derived from its nearness.

To me, the service flag is the masterpiece of its designer; so simple in its design, yet so completely showing the character of those whom it represents. To me, these men seem as the stars themselves, so far above everyone else, yet so very very real, throwing their light out upon a world of darkness. It seems at times that it is not possible that any man should agree to give up his very life, the most valuable of all possessions, if need be for any cause. Yet this is what those men, whom the stars represent, have agreed to do. Should they not be classed with the stars? These men have come nearer the sublime than any other man save one. Was it not Jesus who demanded that his disciples give up their worldly possessions so that they might preach the gospel with the purest hearts? It is exactly as the old philosopher said," the thing that requires the most self-sacrifice is that, when finally the victory is won, which is the greatest achievement."

Again, when I look at the service flag, an entirely different picture is connoted. This time it denotes strength. The stars in order in columns the length and width of the flag seems to bring pictures of the old Roman phalanx, of great bodies of soldiers marching by, pulsing as a unit, a great machine going on tirelessly, endlessly to ultimate victory. It brings scenes of groups of men clothed in olive drab, stalwart men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, wiry because of undergoing many hardships, yet cheery and determined, men upon whom falls the task of redeeming the world, both now and in the future. Such a picture gives strength and a sense of security, to know that such men are going to fight for you and for your cause. You know that eventually they are going to win because they are going willingly, not as the German is going, driven by a taskmaster, but as the men who fought in the Revolution went, determinedly, knowing that their cause is right and that some time through their efforts, right and not might will prevail in the world and that justice will again rule supreme. So, you can see then, that the service flag is not merely a grim materialistic thing but an almost living body, unconsciously giving hope and determination to the folks at home, thereby performing the most important duty of keeping up the morale of the people, so that all governments might be crushed from the earth save those of the people, by the people and for the people.

So, fellow students, let us remember these things, and especially remember those who have gone from our midst to make the supreme sacrifice. Let us remember that it is partly through their efforts that we live in peace and harmony here in good old America, forever the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Indiana National Guard

When the old Indiana National guard was mustered into federal service it left a great vacancy. To offset this the new Indiana national guard was organized. All men between the ages of 18 and 40 years were elligible. The only other requirements necessary were physical fitness and good moral standing. As soon as the news was received in Fort Wayne that a new guard was to be formed, men began to pour in. The original intention had been to organize only one company from this city, but so rapidly did the men enlist and so rapidly did the guard grow that two companies had to be formed. They were formally mustered into service at the court house by Col. Girrard, of Indianapolis. They were then given their official designation as companies B and C, 3rd infantry. Capt. Thompson was put in command of Co. B and Capt. Mahurin of Co. C.

A number of high school boys enlisted in this new guard and were assigned to company B. The names of these young men are, Willard Moellering, Nelson Prentiss, Joseph Underhill, Harold Moylan, Albert Fishack, King Muckley, and Howard Bash.

During the first few weeks after being organized the companies drilled at the court house. Later on the government succeeded in renting the Sangerbund hall as an armory. Company B selected Friday night and company C Wednesday night of each week as their respective drill nights.

After a few months of preliminary training a written competitive examination was held for the appointment of non-commissioned officers. All members of the company were eligible to take this exam. Two of the high school pupils were successful in obtaining an office. Willard Moellering receiving an appointment as Sergeant, and Nelson Prentiss an appointment as Corporal.

The companies have been instructed in company drill (close and extended order), manual of arms, bayonet drills and guard duty. Plans are being made to encampe at Culver Military School some time this summer. While there the guard will have access to all military facilities afforded that school.



Her Boy

Do you see that dear old lady
With the quaint old-fashioned shawl?
She's a patriot of honor,
She has given up her all.

While others forfeit money
And think their duty done,
She has given beyond measure—
She has given up her son.

Then how puny seems their bounty—
They still have some to enjoy;
She has naught but recollections—
She has given up her boy.

From a dearth of earth's possessions—
Other treasures she has none—
The noblest gift of woman
She has given up—her son.

Should you penetrate the sorrow
Of that sweetly radiant face,
You would find a joy unbounded
For the angels there have place.

And the travail and the partings
That calm cannot annoy;
For she hears Christ's sweet assurance,
"Thou hast given up thy boy."

But though he die tomorrow
And his resting place unknown,
There's a future restoration—
He is thine and thine alone.

What cause hast thou for weeping?
Life must always pass away.
But in the last tribunal
Life is counted but a day.

This short parting makes but sweeter
In the life beyond the grave,
The inevitable meeting
Which thy God for thee will save.

Though he suffer—though he perish
His reward shall e'er suffice.
Sorrow now, but joy forever.
There's no chance in Heaven's dice.

Thus the voice of mankind's Savior
With a new resolve doth fill
The heart of that old lady,
And confirms her wavering will.

Let the others guard their money—
Let them stint 'til riches cloy;
She has Love that is immortal—
She can never lose her boy.

The Soldier and Sailor

Here's a soldier—here's a sailor,
They are men like you and I;
But they typify in essence
A more noble soldiery.

Of that vast, anglic power—
Of God's retinue they tell,
Which precipitated Satan
To his nine day sleep in Hell.

And like the stellar body
They advance in stalwart might.
And the cringing foe collapses;
Wrong may never withstand right.

They are marching in the vanguard
Of the consequential host;
An integral world sustains them—
They are civilization's boast.

Redoubtable in striving,
They shall be in conquest, mild;
For they carry now the standard
Of Christ, Heaven's earth-born Child.

Let them heed his admonition,
"Here's a mother—here's a maid,
And thy soul is dammed forever
If I find aught to unbraid."

Should they heed this fair injunction—
Should the penalties they impose
Comport with God's own precepts
They'll encounter tractable foes.

Here's a soldier—here's a sailor,
They are men like you and I;
But they strive for divine attainments—
They are greater than you or I.

A Soldier's Lamentation

I left her there;
A haggard air
Eclipsed her wonted mien.
I did not know
She loved me so;
Her soul I ne'er had seen.

I was abrupt,
My heart, corrupt,
Knew naught of tenderness.
I said goodbye,
I heard a sigh,
But its meaning I could not guess.

And thus I left.
Oh, soul, bereft
Of a mother's farewell kiss,
Thou may'st well die;
When love was nigh
Her thou presumed to miss.

Oh, mother mine,
Now, now I pine
For the words I left unsaid.
Had I but known,
Not now alone
Would I be dying—dead.

Organizations





Things That Make School Worth While

Friendship Club
Mathematics Club
Sorosis
Platonians
Morning Musical
Junior Red Cross

History of the Friendship Club

About five years ago a little seed was planted which grew quietly for about a year. Then it shot up quickly into a sapling, and in about another year there were two other saplings close to this first one. These three seedlings then grew together and now form one beautiful, large tree, the tree of "friendship."

The little seed that was planted was a bible class, composed of a few high school girls and taught by Miss Harrah at the Y. W. C. A. Then in 1914, when the Shadow Club was organized, the girls of the bible class became members of it. The Shadow Club, under the leadership of Miss Lucile House, enjoyed both a bible class and a social time at the Y. W. C. A. Thus the little seed, the bible class, grew into the sapling, the Shadow Club.

But this sapling was not alone for a very long time. In the Fall of 1915, through the efforts of the Student Company of the Y. W. C. A., two clubs of high school girls were organized—the 1920 Do Shi Kai, under the leadership of Miss Harrah, and the Commonweal, under the leadership of Miss Wingert. The constitutions of both of these clubs limited the membership, the former to 1920's only, and the latter to 25 members.

In the following summer Hilda Schweh was sent to Geneva as a delegate from these three clubs and came back with the idea of consolidation. In consequence of this since it seemed more democratic and more advisable in almost every respect, these three clubs, the Shadow, Do Shi Kai and Commonweal, in September, 1916, united and formed the Friendship Club, the one beautiful tree which is still growing. Of course, the leaders of the three clubs became the leaders of the Friendship Club. Two other leaders—the Misses Avis Meigs and Esther Miller—were also secured. Then in the Spring, the Girls' Work Secretary, our Miss Gwinn, came to help us. Now under the guidance of Miss Gwinn and the four advisers, only two of whom, Miss Wingert and Miss Harrah, were with us from the beginning, this Friendship Tree is still growing and bearing fruit. Part of its fruit is the fact that it is the cause of better fellowship among the girls of the Fort Wayne High School. The Big Sister League, which is very important, and the various branches of service were undertaken and accomplished by the club. May the Friendship Club continue to grow as it did in the past, so that soon it may be an important factor in the life of every high school girl.

Friendship Review

The Friendship Club has closed a year that has been very successful in every respect. The original officers were: Victoria Gross, president; Hilda Schwehn, vice-president; Frieda Knauer, secretary, and Kate Shoaf, treasurer. Frieda Knauer did not return to school last fall, so Olga Sihler was elected secretary, and upon her resignation Katherine Beierlein received this position. Hilda Schwehn finished school in February and her place was taken by Evelyn Ross. The club is divided into four committees and the chairmen of these are: Helen Stopher, service; Gertrude Schwehn, membership; Evelyn Ross, program, and Marie Miller, social.

This has been a year of much pleasure, pleasant work and worthy acheivement. All of the meetings have been snappy and interesting.

A Christmas party was given for poor little children at the Y. W. C. A., and the way in which the little girls enjoyed this party and the dressed dolls made the party worth the effort. In February the drama "Esther" was presented by Friendship girls in a very praiseworthy manner at a Vesper Service at the Y. W. C. A. A George Washington party given for the parents in order that they might all get acquainted was a decided success. The club has contributed to the war fund and has adopted a French war orphan.

Thus the year is closed with this splendid record. Next year there will be many more opportunities for this club to truly live up to its name, and keep it, as it has been in the past, the best girls' organization of the school.

"Will of the Seniors"

Know All Men, That we, The Seniors of the class of 1918, of the City of Fort Wayne, in the County of Allen, in the State of Indiana, and members of the Club of Friendship, still retaining our right memories and minds, do hereby make this our last will and testament, to-wit:

To the club's next president we hereby bequeath the executive ability of Victoria Gross and also a copy of Roberts' Rules of Order.

To the vice-president we give one-half above quality perchance the president is unable to preside at the meetings.

To the secretary we bequeath the ability to take minutes quickly and omit one or two of the above once or twice a year so that the dense silence which always prevails after "Are there any additions or corrections to be made?" might be done away with.

We freely and generously give to the next treasurer, Kate Shoaff's ability of counting money and making out checks, not forgetting her ability in chasing up people who have not paid their dues.

To the chairmen of the various committees and the members thereof we bequeath one ton of pep to be equally distributed. If we should find new ideas we will graciously bequeath the same *gratis*.



Hilda Schwehn, Vive-Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Evelyn Ross, Vice-Pres., Feb.-June, Chairman of Program Committee; Victoria Gross, Pres., Sept.-June; Katherine Beierlein, Sec. Feb.-June;; Kate Shoaff, Treas, Sept.-Feb.; Olga Sihler, Sec. Sept.-Feb.; Helen Stopher, Chairman of Service Committee; Gertrude Schwehn Chairman of Membership Committee, Marie Miller, Chairman of Social Committee

Personal Bequests

To Flora Gerberding we bequeath Victoria Gross's Ford-driving ability.

To Margaret Simminger we give Frieda Siples' knack of making posters.

To next year's pianist we give Ethel Roberts' ability of fingering the ivories.

To Gert Schwehn we give with Miss Wingert's permission the artistic touch of the above mentioned of dropping stitches.

To anyone asking for the same, we kindly and graciously give the sense of humor and craziness of our Notary Public.

Lastly we grant unanimously and cheerfully our heartfelt interest and best wishes to the club as a whole.

In witness whereof, we, the Seniors of the class of 1918, do hereby give our hand and seal this seventh day of May, in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen.

(SIGNED) ... CLASS OF 1918.

Prescribed and sworn at before me this, the 7th day of May, 1918.

OLGA SIHLER,
Notorious Public.

My commission expires June 32, 1918.

Mathematics Club

The idea of organizing a Mathematics club for the purpose of promoting better social advantages in the school and a clearer relationship between the faculty and students and among the students themselves originated with Mr. Werremeyer. There had long been a need of an organization of this kind, and at the first meeting, which was held December 4, 1913, preliminary steps were taken, the result of which is the present, large, enthusiastic, much enjoyed Math club.

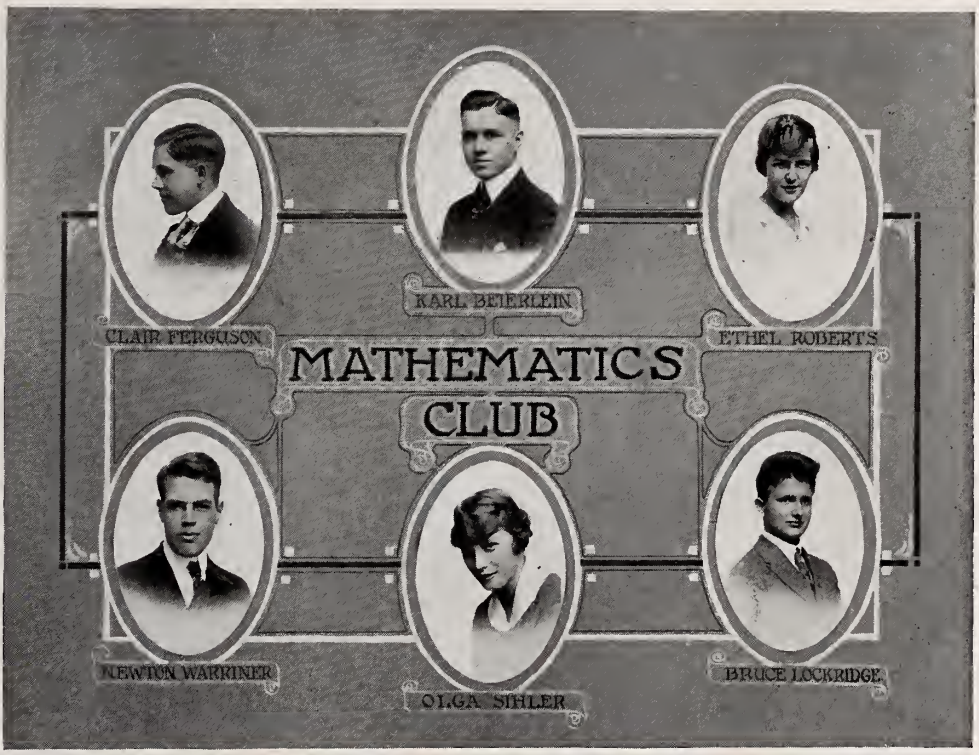
The great popularity of this organization is evidenced by its increase in membership. From a small beginning it has grown rapidly, especially within the past two semesters. At the September meeting we were compelled to move from room 17 to room 18 because of the large attendance. It was at this meeting that the semi-annual election of officers was held, resulting as follows: President, Karl Beierlein; Vice President, Olga Sihler; Secretary, Clair Ferguson; and Treasurer, Newton Warriner. The purpose of this meeting was chiefly to "get acquainted." The program, both entertainment and eats, was arranged to this end, and for testimony as to the success of the plan we refer you to those who were present. Although the attendance at the following monthly meetings was not so large, the keen interest manifested at the first meeting was maintained, credit for which is due in a large measure to the efforts of the program and social commitee.

At the beginning of the second semester it was decided to retain the existent officers with the exception of the secretary, Clair Ferguson, who had finished school. Ethel Roberts was elected to fill this vacancy. At the next meeting the Treasurer, Newton Warriner, resigned, and his place was filled by Bruce Lockridge.

Instead of having a June meeting, we followed last year's precedent, and had a picnic at Foster Park, which was a unqualified success. Almost the full number of members were present, and what with the enjoyable games, the picnic lunches and the delightful evening air in the grove, it surpassed all former meetings in pleasure and enjoyment.

The Math Club is to be congratulated on the perfect rounding out of a pleasant and profitable year. This year has seen the addition to its ranks of a large number of new members to whom is extended a most cordial welcome. To the seniors, who on account of the conclusion of their High School course are compelled to drop active work in the club, is extended the sincerest appreciation of their efforts and best wishes for their future success and happiness. That the club will enjoy a brilliant future and its past records be surpassed, is but a logical conclusion when the character of the members is considered. Thus it will fulfill its original purpose and the wishes of its founder.

Ethel Roberts, '18.



Clair Ferguson, Sec., Sept.-Feb.; Karl Beierlein, Pres., Sept.-June; Ethel Roberts, Sec., Feb.-June; Newton Warriner, Treas., Sept.-Feb.; Olga Sihler, Vice-Pres., Sept.-June; Bruce Lockridge, Treas., Feb.-June



Olga Sihler, Vice-Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Naomi Dixon, Treas., Sept.-June; Hilda Schwehn, Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Miss Williams, Faculty Adviser; Estella Owen, Sec., Sept.-June; Marie Umbach, Vice-Pres., Feb.-June; Kathrine Jackson, Pres., Feb.-June

The Sorosis

The good ship Sorosis set sail on a new voyage last September with an able crew under Hilda Schwehn as president, and Miss Williams as critic.

Of course, the troubled condition of the waters, due to the war, had some effect upon this voyage. The result showed itself not only in the programs of the club but also in the spirit of the girls and in outside activities. Patriotic meetings, dedicated to the war poets and authors and to the national anthems of the Allies, were new and exceedingly appropriate and well done. The Sorosis Literary Society, in the earlier part of the term, gave a sum of money (not an immense sum, but so large that it left a deep hole in the Sorosis treasury) to the Y. W. C. A. War Fund. Did the Sorosis girls knit? If you ask such a question, it is evident that you did not attend Sorosis meetings—and they are always "open," too. There's no excuse!

As a literary society, the club naturally studied books and plays. There was a wide variety this year to choose from and the members, making the most of their opportunities, gave some very amusing and beneficial programs.

The club was visited during the year by "Little Orphan Annie," "Tom Sawyer," "Alan Seeger," "Pirates," "The Bulgarian Army," "The Council of Gods from Olympus" and "Mr. and Mrs. Roberts" of "Albany Depot" fame. All these quaint folks came to the meetings in the many plays and tableaux. There are still a great many famous people on the Sorosis waiting list.

Although to a certain extent the club has done away with social affairs, there have been several parties during the year. Perhaps we might say that the most enjoyed and longest remembered are the Sorosis-Platonian party during the fall term and the Sorosis Saint Patrick's party.

Before allowing the "Sorosis" to go into summer quarters, the members of the ship's company chose an entirely new crew—a very able crew and one which holds great promises for the future success of the society.

The new officers are: President, Estella Owen; vice-president, Mary Eunice Eaton; secretary, Marie Umbach; treasurer, Dorothy Corey; historian, Dorothy Simpson; sergeant-at-arms, Helen Mikesell; pianiste, Marian Murray; executive committee, Virginia Wood (chairman), Edna Cunnison, Lucille Simpson.

Members of Sorosis

Ackerman, Anita
Banks, Naomi
Barthold, Marion
Breeden, Edith
Bitner, Esther
Chambers, Eugenia
Corey, Dorothy
Crawford, Helen
Cunnison, Edna
Dixon, Naomi
Eaton, Mary Eunice
Evard, Ethel
Figel, Mabel
Gross, Victoria
Jackson, Katherine
Ingham, Meribah
Kenerk, Ruby
King, Marjorie
Koch, Margaret
Kohler, Helen
Larimore, Alice
Lighhill, Madlyn
Longsworth, Marian
Lose, Katherine
Lowry, Elizabeth
Maxwell, Edna
Miller, Genevieve
Miller, Marie
Mikesell, Helen
Mitchell, Dorothy
Misner, Grace
Mulligan, Leora
Murray, Marian
Owen, Estella
Pelzweig, Rose
Phipps, Laura
Porter, La Nice
Roberts, Ethel
Ross, Evelyn
Salon, Fanny
Schwehn, Gertrude
Shoaff, Kate
Sihler, Olga
Simpson, Dorothy
Simpson, Lucille
Stopher, Helen
Tarletz, Frieda
Umbach, Marie
Walters, Lucille
Welch, Olga
Wermuth, Thekla
Wilkens, Alice
Winters, Erma
Wood, Virginia
Keegan, Margaret Ann
Sink, Winifred R.
Bentz, Beatrice

Platonians

Some very interesting and momentous meetings have been held in that august body, the Platonians, within the past year. This goes to prove that the society is still alive and full of pep with the "never say die" spirit. It is exactly as Mr. Ward has said not very long since, that the members of the Platonian Literary Society were the "cream of the high school." In short the society has passed thru a very successful year. The membership, the highest it has ever been in the existence of the Society speaks for itself in behalf of the officers, showing them to be as efficient as they ever were in the history of the society. At every meeting, after the business has been disposed of, the society resolves itself into the Senate. In this place discussions take place on the current topics of the day, which accomplishes wonders in developing that faculty in the members, of being able to talk fluently and easily without previous preparation.



Robert Warren, Vice-Pres-Feb.-June; Karl Beierlein, Vice-Pres., Sept.-Feb; Sec., Feb.-June; Howard Van Arnam, Sec., Sept.-Feb., Pres., Feb.-June; James King, Treas., Feb.-June; Willard Moellering, Chairman Elective Committee; Howard Shambaugh, Pres., Sept.-Feb.; Mr. Neff, Faculty Advisor; Newton Warriner, Treas., Sept.-Feb.

Morning Musical

To the members of the '18 class it means the fulfilment of their hopes, the glorious finish of four, and in some cases five and six years of hard work. To us, the members of the Mourning Musical, it means the successful termination of our first year of organizational existence. It means that some of our members will leave us, some to college, some to other cities, and in some cases, perhaps, even to the firing line. The year has been a successful one for us. We have progressed in playing, increased our membership and made ourselves known in musical circles.

We made our first appearance at the musical entertainment given by the Mathematics club. This appearance was followed by our act in the Caldron vaudeville. Since then we have played at a number of church entertainments, and at a benefit given at the Orpheum

At one of our business meetings we adopted a uniform to consist of white trousers, white shoes and blue coats. We also discussed the question of having arm bands with the club colors, but this was decided against. I might also add that we had one quarrel. . You see it was this way. A bottle of excellent perfume (from the 10c store.) Perfume from said bottle flying around the room and raining on members of Mourning Musical. Honorable secretary and treasurer gets possession of said bottle. He is maliciously attacked by certain infamous ruffians. The sergeant-at-arms is unable to command order. The president himself is involved in conflict. Result—treasury money decorates the floor and honorable secretary and treasurer demands his resignation. The quarrel is at last settled peaceably. The secretary and treasurer retains his position and the "goose hangs high." My what ruffians boys are.

It would berhaps be well to write the names of the members of the Mourning Musical as it now stands. They are:—J. Underhill, K. Brueckner, H. Clemens, L. Grosvenor, P. Spiegel, C. Hunt, D. May, H. Hogland, C. Rothetr, D. Miller, R. Comparet, C. Langohr and N. Prentiss.





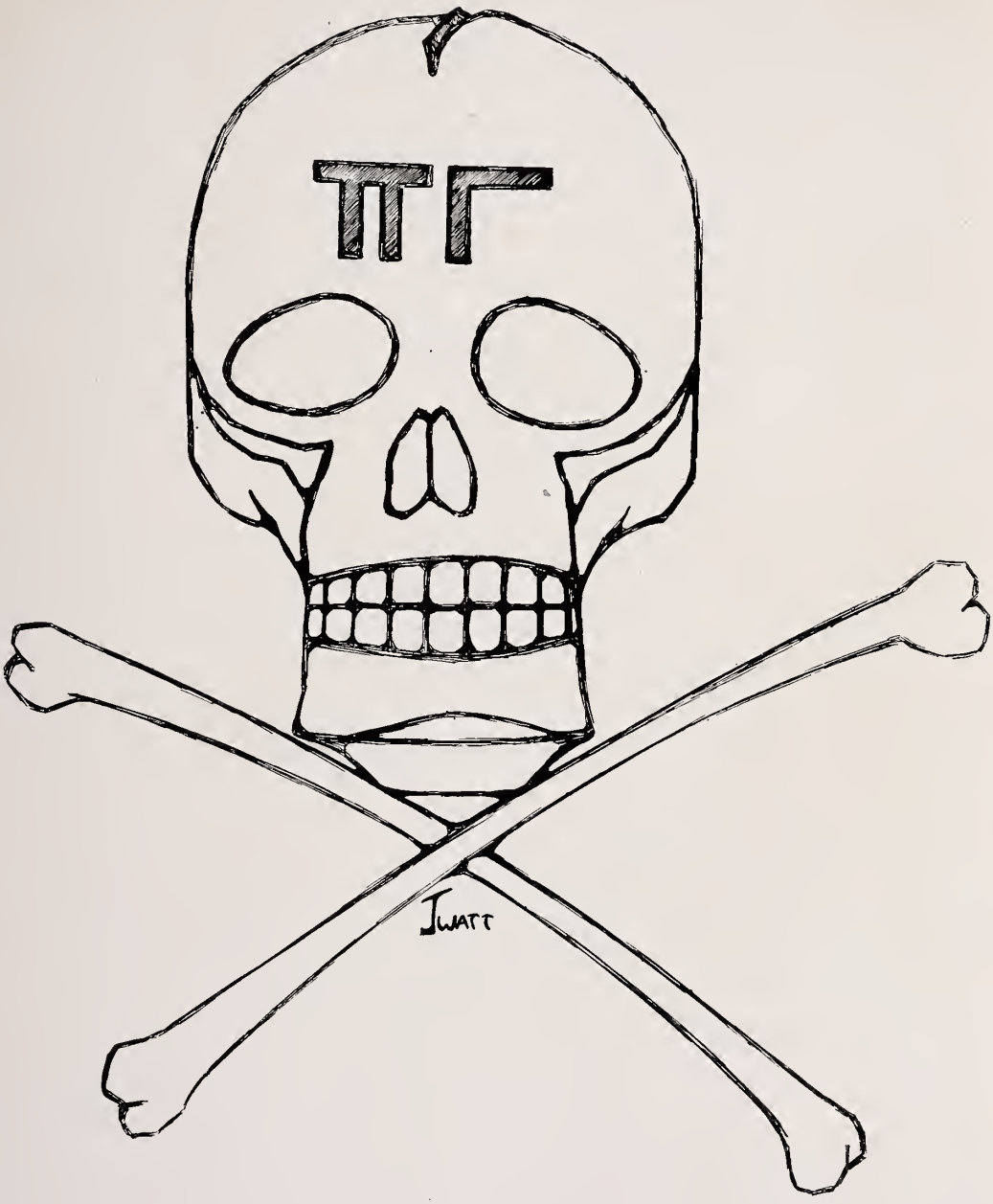
Loyd Grosvenor, Director; Hilge Hoglund, Sergt-at-Arms; Joseph Underhill, Sec.-Treas.; Nelson Prentiss, President.

Junior Red Cross

The Junior Red Cross society needs no inroduction for it is a branch of the National Red Cross Society. When, through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Edson the Junior Red Cross Society was first organized here. There were but one hundred and fifty members. This number has now grown, however, to about three or four hundred. We regret to say however, that the Junior Red Cross Society of the F. W. H. S. is not a hundred per cent organization. It's up to you to make it one next year. Surely you will want to help after you read about all the good work it has accomplished in the short time of its existence.

The Junior Red Cross Society of the F. W. H. S. has made about five thousand articles for the Red Cross. If you multiply the output for one week by thirty you will get a little idea of the magnitude of the work done his year. One week's output was 100———— 200 short bags, nine sweaters, six helmets and five pairs of socks. During the last two months the society also made garments for the refuge children. Then too, the Junior Rew Cross made pristlets for the children of the Open Air school and made the service flag for our school.

There will be more to do next year, so it's up to you to do your bit. If you can't sew or knit for the Red Cross at least buy your quarter so that next year's Annual may write, "The Junior Red Cross Society of the Fort Wayne High School is a one hundred per cent organizatio n.


ΠΓ
JWATT

Pi Gamma

Once more, worthy subscribers, we are granted the privilege of appearing before you and of informing you of our activities through the columns of the Caldron. For three years this privilege has been withheld, due to the lact of influence which we had with the management. We are highly pleased, therefore, to be once more allowed to publish our praiseworthiness since we faily dote on publicity. Your joy, too, must be boundless. How you have survived three years without hearing of us and seeing our pictures we can scarcely imagine. We sincerely congratulate you, therefore, upon the pleasure which is now yours. Behold and be satisfied!

Our history is long, but interesting, since we are the oldest in the school. It abounds with illustrious names and savors of beneficence and school spirit. Always the Pi Gams have been persons of great ability, illimitable energy, and unimpeccable integrity. Their names are linked with the achievements of the school, and their memory is sacred.

But to discard fiction and resume truth —this organization was instituted and became an internal part of school affairs in 1914. A list of charter members is given elsewhere so we will not report them here.

In the first year of its existence the club innovated a custom which has been religiously maintained since. It gave a dance during the Christmas vacation of 1914 which is now recognized as one of the leading social functions of the year. This, the first annual Pi Gamma dance, was given at the Shrine hall. The following year the dance was given at Tanners. The big accomplishment of the 15-16 year, however, was the publication of a weekly. Only two issues of this remarkable paper appeared, but these were enough to prove our spirit, and to purge the school of many of its faults through the disclosures of the editorial column. The discontinuance of this paper was, no doubt, one of the biggest blows the school has ever sustained. It was a blow to the printer, too, whose bill has remained unpaid to this date.

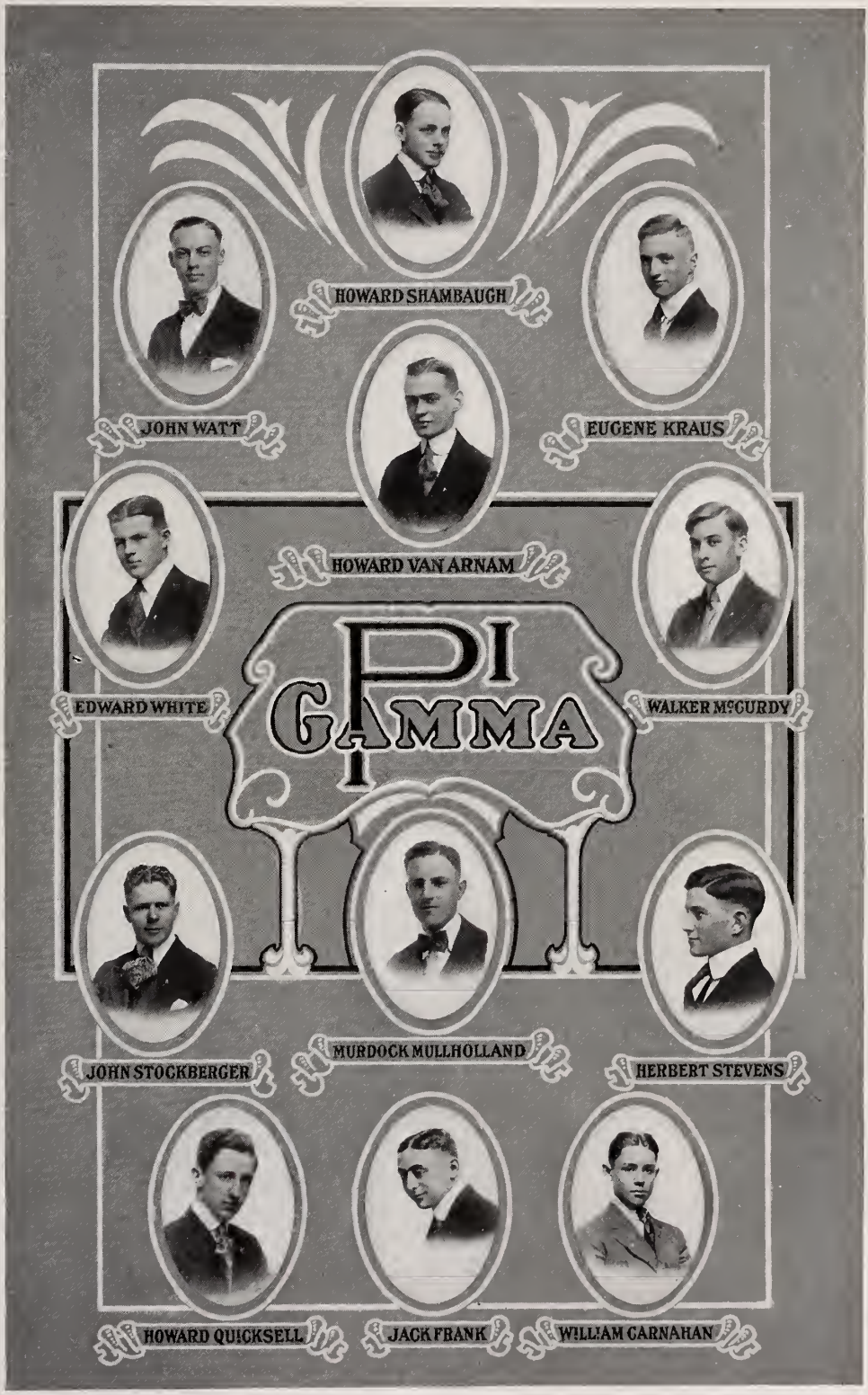
The following year witnessed our numbers undiminished and our influence for good augmented. The dance was given, and many other social affairs were also held.

During the present year, however, we have reached our acme of strength. We have been accused of corrupting class politics, and grafting at every opportunity and yet we are not discouraged. We have never done anything to warrant this unsavory reputation, of course. Look over our pictures. Do they not represent men of ideal character? Are they not above reproach? Surely you say, and a feeling of sympathy comes over you to think that the methods of such persons should be doubted.

To start off the year correctly the old members took in the "Cream of the Fort Wayne High School" who has not been selected before.

"Howdy" Quicksell, an unintelligent but well-meaning gentleman was taken in. He is a foolish fellow, a poor bowler a worse pool player, and an abominable 500 player. In fact he doesn't know anything. Jack Frank was also selected. He admits he can bowl, concedes his tennis ability, and is a self-confessed boudoir scorpion. 'Bake" Van Arnam, is another fellow who was found desirable. He is undeniably the best dancer in school and has an extreme foundness for football and wrestling. "Herb" Stevens, a junior, was another choice. He is a noted pool shark and a tennis player of national repute. Walker McCurdy, a sophomore was also voted in. He doesn't amount to anything either. This was sufficient provocation to admit him. "Will" Carnahan was chosen because he was the guy that could smoke more Fatimas than the comapny could produce. He is famous, too, as being a devoted follower of pool and bowling. He is so devoted in fact, that during the winter months he was forced to change his residence to the Academy Bowling Alleys in order that he might attend to business more closely.

The old members are equally unique. "Howdy" Shambaugh, the president, personifies the spirit of industry which pervades the school. Mr. Ward has


HOWARD SHAMBAUGH
JOHN WATT
EUGENE KRAUS
HOWARD VAN ARNAM
EDWARD WHITE
PI
GAMMA
WALKER McCURDY
JOHN STOCKBERGER
MURDOCK MULLHOLLAND
HERBERT STEVENS
HOWARD QUICKSELL
JACK FRANK
WILLIAM CARNAHAN

Pi Gamma

found "Howdy" the most diligent loafer in school, and has more than once commended his energy. "Johnny" Watt, the vice president, is a Junior and therefore of no account. His favorite pastime is drawing risque cartoons, a thing which he does to perfection. 'Max" Kraus is secretary-treasurer of the organigation. Why the club should always elect a professional criminal to guard their funds is unexplicable. In this case it was probably because "Max" is far too indolent to ever attempt a very serious defense in case we should reveal dishonesty. "Johnny" Stockberger, the class president, was originally taken in because he had red hair. He still has that. He also has a propensity for graft and the class suffered greatly because of this participation in its finances. "Duke" Mullholland is a typical Pi Gamma. He is a thorough failure, an intense donothing, and yet a tennis player, a bowl er and a pool player of wonderful ability. "Eddie" White is a Junior, and yet, handicaped as he is, he nevertheless is pretty useless. Had he not been, he would, of course, not be a Pi Gamma. One example sufficiently reveals his character: He shoots with the wrong end of the cue

The Pi Gamms opened their social season with their annual dance—this time at the Anthony. An orchestra was obtained from Columbus, Ohio, and a banquet at five dollars a plate was served during the intermission on the roof garden of the hotel. The second dance of the year was given in February, at Tanners. this time we went to Jackson, Michigan for an orchestra. This affair was very select, only those being admitted who had the price to pay Mrs. Tanner. Everyone enjoyed themselves to the uttermost. A banquet was given at the Summit City after the dance. June 13, the Pi Gammas gave their third and last dance. This was held at the Anthony in honor of the graduating class.

To prove our fraternal spirit, during the winter months we found it necessary to engage club rooms. We found a suitable location in the Utility building, one floor from a restaurant, two from a pool room, and across the street from a bowling alley. It adjoined a picture play house and was easily accessible to the police station. What other modern conveniences exist now that the state is dry? We retained this magnificent suite for five months and finally gave it up for the summer.

Our pins have been quite noticeable around school this year. They are of a very attractive design and extremely expensive.

Nor have we been entirely inactive in an athletic way. A Pi Gamma it was who took the bowling tournament. The same one captured the tennis laurels and with his partner, also a Pi Gamma won out in doubles. The school bowling team consisted entirely of Pi Gams and we are well represented on the Varsity basketball team. All the best pool players in school are Pi Gammas.

We are quite active in other lines too. Our musical trio is famous; in debating we are supreme; and Pi Gammas directed the policies of three classes and the Caldron this year. Nothing has ever been put across in school dramatics without the leadership of some Pi Gam or other.

We shall now leave you for another year with this farewell admonition: Whenever, in the future you are inclined to feel dejected and downcast simply glance over our pictures here and feel invigorated. May our photographic presence be forever a stimulus to kind and generous thoughts and an impetus to guide you in your movements of despair. Emulate our exemplary modesty and simulate our nobility thus striving to become like unto us in greatness.

Review of Girls' Athletics

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight." Bring us to the meeting held on September 27, when the greatly needed Athletic Association was formed. This done we were confident that we would have the necessary funds to begin the season. So as soon as it was cold enough the girls began to practice and with the help of Miss Wingert, to work up a strong team.

After two months of practice a team was picked and on December 21 this bunch ent to Kendallville. Although the line-up had to be changed slightly, the F. W. H. S. girls came out ahead with the score 8 to 4. It was a small, but good beginning.

You all know how things were after Christmas, no school, and everything all mixed up. On January 18, however, the girls went to Bluffton and—lost. This was quite a blow to the girls, but what could be expected when the "gym" was so cold that even playing didn't make the girls warm.

Aroused by this defeat and determined to beat Bluffton the girls practised diligently in anticipation of the return game, and as a result almost defeated them on January 30. This was the closest girls' game ever played here, necessitating overtime playing. It was just luck that Bluffton made the first basket after play was resumed and so won the game by two points. It wasn't so bad after all.

This was the last game the girls played. The weather man interfered with the schedule so we had to let it go without three games this year. Not as brilliant a record as last year, to be sure, but, just wait until next year and you'll see some more good games.

Class Games

Even if there were only three games for the girls' school team, the various class teams put up some good games. At the beginning of the season the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores by a score of 14 to 6, and the Seniors ran away with the Juniors 26 to 6. In March the Sophomores again faced defeat at the hands of the Freshmen, this time with a score of 7 to 3. The Juniors, however, turned the tables and in an interesting game defeated the Seniors 16 to 12, with the result that both the Seniors and Juniors are claiming the championship. Decide for yourself. The scores of the games and the lineups are as follows:

Freshmen, 14; Sophomores, 6.
Freshmen, 7; Sophomores, 3.
Seniors, 26; Juniors 6.
Seniors, 12; Juniors, 16.

Freshmen:—Helen Wilson, Velma Crawford, Elizabeth Urbhans, Helen Brueckner, Julia Bash, Ether Moll, Hope Turman.

Sophomores:—Martha Clemens, Inez Hartzler, Martha Irmscher, Helen Waterfield, Jaenieke Klopfenstein.

Juniors:—Gertrude Schwelm, Marie Umbach, Meribah Ingham, Helen Crawford, Flora Gerberding, Naomi Bill, Besse Banks, Eugenice Chumbers.

Seniors:—Thekla Wermuth, Hilda Schwehn, Helen Pohlmeyer, Lillian Smith,, Marie Miller, Vic Gross, Alice Wilkens, Erma Winters.



Miss Wingert.

The best of all basketball coaches this school ever had or probably ever will have is the girls' coach, Miss Wingert. It is partly through her efforts that girls' basketball holds the prominent place it does in the athletics of the F. W. H. S., for without Miss Wingert's excellent coaching there probably would be only a mediocre team, if any at all. Miss Wingert's knowledge of the game is complete, and what is worth more than that is that she can tell the girls how to play a clean, scientific game. But this is only one-half the reason why Miss Wingert is such a wonderful coach;—the secret of her success lies in her winning personality.



Thekla Wermuth.

This marks the end of Tec's basketball career—and a splendid career it is. Tec has the distinction of being the only girl who has ever made the school team in her Freshman year. She was captain of her class team during her Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, and captain of the school team in her Junior and Senior years. Besides this, she has also the honor of being vice-president of the Athletic Association. Tec's ability as a forward is outclassed by no one. Beginning in her Freshman year she steadily improved until now she is probably the best forward the F. W. H. S. ever produced. Hers will be a hard place to fill.



Victoria Gross.

"Leave it to Vic to get the baskets. She'll shoot every time." These words describe Vicky's basketball ability to a T. Last year she was a faithful sub, always ready to take any position, and this year she was rewarded for her hard work, and became one of the star forwards on the regular team. Vic's strong, aggressive playing was prominent in all the games, and always ended with a large percentage of points to her credit. As the saying runs, all good things must be given up. Vic graduates this year, and thus the Varsity loses a valuable player.



Hilda Schwehn.

"Little, but mighty." These words surely apply to Hilda Schwehn, guard on the school team for the last three years. Hilda's strong defensive playing stood out prominently in all the games and helped materially in winning them. She made a name for herself in the very first game she played, and she surely kept up her good reputation. Playing line guard, Hilda broke up a good percentage of passes which might have resulted in baskets had it not been for her stone-wall guarding. As Hilda is a Senior, her absence will be greatly felt next year.



MERIBAH INGHAM.

The position of center on the school team was well taken care of by Meribah Ingham. This was Meribah's first year at the game, but by hard work she made the school team. Meribah's high jumping and good floor work helped greatly in keeping the ball near her basket. Meribah is the only Junior who was a regular member of the team so we will at least have a center to depend on next year.



MARIE MILLER.

One of the most faithful players was Marie Miller. Marie can play in any position whether center, guard, or forward, and, therefore, made a very valuable sub. She was given a chance to demonstrate her ability in the Kendallville game, playing a good game, first at center and then at guard. It will not be easy to find an all-around player like Marie for next year.



HELEN POHLMEYER.

Helen Pohlmeyer, guard on her class team since her Freshman year, was a regular member of the school team last year and so was in good form to continue her excellent playing. Her speed and clever guarding kept the opponents' score down in every game she played. Helen is a hard worker and always tried her best for the success of the team. This is also her last year at the F. W. H. S., making another important vacancy to fill next year.



LILLIAN SMITH.

It was not until many try-outs were held that Lillian Smith was finally chosen to fill the position of side center. The choice was surely a good one, for Lill proved that she could always be depended upon to be at the right place at the right time. Lill's swift, clever playing featured in many games and her absence will surely be felt next year.



GERTRUDE SCHWEHN.

It was not until this year that the position of manager of the girls' basketball team became a very important one. But when Gert Schwehn was elected to that position she worked hard to get some class games scheduled, and really made the position mean something. Gert has also been captain of the 1919 girls for the last three years, and a good deal of credit must be given her for her faithful work. Gert is right there when it comes to pep and she surely can make things go. We have not heard the last of Gert for she is a Junior and will be on hand for a regular forward on the school team next year.

Basket Ball Review

Statictics first—then alibis or praises as the case may be. Since facts speak for themselves we shall commence this resume of the boys' basketball season with a few figures; after that we shall inscribe all the explanations and encomiums that we find necessary.

The boys' basketball team played a total of thirteen games against outside teams. Five of these were won. The rest must be accounted for in the "lost" column. Mathematically speaking, we played to a .384 percentage. Although this may seem to denote a second division team, the fact still remains that it is far in advance of last year's showing, when the team won but two games throughout the entire season. Concerning the total points, we seemed to fare much better, since our opponents could only aggregate 360 points as against our 282. This we can only construe as proof positive that the games which we lost were by no means farces—that all games were apparently evenly matched, heartily contended contests. In brief and in fine, let us not judge our team too severely or condemn them too rashly simply because their losses preponderate their victories. Such a showing can as easily reveal a heavy schedule as a decrepit team. Therefore, be lenient rather than harsh in your criticism.

But to resume our history: Our team was again inflicted throughout the entire year with that old-time, chronic, and malignant plague, ineligibility. At no time could one have picked the team as a whole five minutes before the game, and the team-book reveals a different set of combatants for every fray. Berghoff, our lofty center, was unable to play at all during the first semester; Moellering appeared and disappeared as his scholastic standing waxed and waned; and E. Wilkens answered the beck of his professors long before the season had reached its prime. These molestations were, fortunately, offset to some degree by the dearth of accidents and disease. Not one of our galaxy of stars received an injury of a serious nature, and none were afflicted by any malady pernicious enough to force them to abstain from play.

Still another favorable point seems to attach itself to the season as a whole: namely, the number of spectators and the fervid zeal of those in attendance. We do not say that the bleachers were closely packed at every game, but we do aver that no year has ever witnessed such crowded games as the past one, and we are pervaded with a buoyant optimism regarding next year's success. And though the cheering at one time provoked a timely denunciation from the pen of a subscriber, yet the fact remains that vehement approval was displayed and that it did come from the bottom of many gladsome hearts. Therefore, we say. that while the opprobrium was merited, yet the fault was venial.

The following is a complete outline of the schedule with the points obtained by both teams:

Date	Home Team		Visitors	
November 2	Fort Wayne	27	Winchester	30
November 10	Fort Wayne	21	Ossian	26
December 14	Fort Wayne	26	Monroeville	33
December 21	Fort Wayne	12	Kendallville	38
January 12	Fort Wayne	9	Bluffton	20
January 23	Fort Wayne	22	Bluffton	18
February 8	Fort Wayne	15	Ossian	12
February 15	Fort Wayne	22	Richmond	42
February 22	Fort Wayne	37	South Whitley	13
March 1	Fort Wayne	34	Monroeville	11
March 14	Fort Wayne	28	Angola	20
March 15	Fort Wayne	21	Pleasant Lake	24
March 22	Fort Wayne	8	Lima	64

From this report the analytic mind will glean several pertinent points. One very obvious is that of the three towns with which two games were scheduled, all three defeated us in the first game in the early part of the season, only to be snowed under in the second game. There is nothing inglorious in defeat, but to come back stanchly and repulse the once victorious adversary is a very commendable feat to say the least.

And this leads us up to our conclusion. No review would be complete without some mention, laudatory or derogatory, of the man who guided us through the season. For Mr. Wright we have only words of praise. He has worked conscientiously and sensibly and much of the credit is due him for the final outcome.

And now to conclude, we shall do the customary thing—make a few optimistic prognostications for the future. Nor will our remarks be altogether hypocritical, since the outlook is by no means glum. Over half the 1918 varsity are still enrolled in the school and there are many comers. No one has cause for doleful regrets as long as the school retains such players as Bud Myers, Noble Lachot, Eddie White, Elm Wilkens, and Herb Stephens. These chappies may be depended upon to put up a sturdy game next year. May good luck attend their efforts! Amen.

Attention. Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

What are you going to do next year? Are you going to let athletics drift along without your support? Why, of course you're not.

With the organization of the Athletic Association this year, athletics has gained a foothold—but not a firm one. It can however, be made firm next year, and still firmer each succeeding year until your school, the F. W. H. S. will stand out prominently in the athletic activities of the state.

Say to yourself right now: "I'm going to support athletics next year, even if I can't play, I'm at least going to the games." And then next year, show your school spirit and join the Athletic Association for in this way you can help the welfare of your school. Athletics needs your support. Are you going to give it? BOOST ATHLETICS.



Russel Wright.

Mr. Wright, as soon as he joined the Faculty of the High School, evinced a constructive interest in athletics in general and basketball in particular. As our team was at that time in need of a coach, Russ was selected to perform the onerous duties incident to this position. Needless to say his incumbency has been replete with labor and achievements. There are few teachers who are able or willing to devote much of their time to student activities and the entire school is indebted to Mr. Wright for the work he has done—done, at times, under trying circumstances and unjust criticism.



Ralph Wlikens.

Butch is the man who captained our team through the season just over. He began his career as basketball star in his Freshman year when he played on the 1918 Independents, then considered the strongest class team in the school. He joined the Varsity in his Sophomore year and has held down a position on it ever since. The solidarity of a team depends on the captain; he must be a capable leader as well as a skillful player. "Lily" Wilkens fills the requirements completely, and his team, though beset with every other difficulty, has never been disrupted by discontent.

As the tennis season only begins about the time for the Annual to go to press, it is rather difficult to write an authentative resume of the school's activity in the sport. More pupils, however, take an active part in tennis than any other game and it is, therefore, entirely appropriate that some mention should be made regarding the progress of tennis in the past year.

The season opened with an animated meeting of tennis enthusiasts in room 18, April 20. Plans for the coming tournament were discussed and a committee of arrangements appointed. This committee, upon whose shoulders rested the success of the tourney, consisted of the five players recognized as being most prominent in tennis activities. Those selected were Hrbert Stephens, chairman; Thekla Wermuth, Earl Wooding, Edward Sheiman and Clarence Woebbeking. Those persons imediately started to work and the tournament commenced about the second week in May. There was a record entry list in every event; a purely nominal entrance fee was charged; and handsome cups promised the victors. Great interest was displayed by all, matches were played on schedule, and the favorable weather lent itself to the rapid progress of affairs. It was, indeed, an ideal tournament.

As expected, Herb Stephens, defeated all opponents in the boy's singles and captured a beautiful cup. Herb, handicapped by his partner, Jack Frank, succeeded—with much more difficulty, to be sure—in winning out in the doubles.

The tournament is, however, but one of the ways in which the tennis spirit evinces itself. All partake in and enjoy this game and in this respect it is the true high school sport.

Besse Banks, '19.





EARL WOODING.

Dink is indisputable proof against the old-time belief that beef makes an athlete. Dink is certainly not beefy, but he is just as undeniably an athlete. Small, compact, and brainy, he plays an intelligent game at forward and the scores of all games will attest the statement that he was by far the surest shot on the team. He drops baskets with uncanny regularity, and his size is an asset rather than a detriment.



NEWTON WARRINER.

To have a strong basketball organization, it is necessary to have a good line-up of subs. "Newt" was one of the strong units among the subs that made for the success of the team. He is a quiet, easy-going lad, but when he is filled with the zest of the game, he brings all of his brawn into full play, and guards as a wall impregnable. No baskets that the opponents ever got could be attributed to any "boners" made by him.



GUSTAVE FRIES.

Gus is the conscientious player of the whole bunch. He never missed a practice, he kept himself in prime condition, and his work in the games was above criticism . Gus is a quiet, reserved topy, but he loses his diffidence in the excitement of the game, and displays unlimited zeal. He put up a remarkable game at guard, and his services rapidly became indispensable to the quintet.



EDWARD WHITE.

When the forwards fail to accumulate a numerous supply of baskets, the result becomes a question of able guarding. The guards at all times are dominating factors in the game. Thus when a man is a varsity guard, it proves him a valuable, capable player. This describes Eddy exactly. He is steady; he submits readily to the necessary discipline; and, above all, he is a clean player. Even bigger things are expected of this sturdy chappie in his next—his Senior year.



NOBLE LACHOT.

A faithful sub forward was "Nobe." He regularly attended practice, and was always ready to fill any vacancy that might occur. Nobe is in a class by himself. Besides being a star athlete, he is a student. Since he has another year in "Old High," we are, therefore, sure of a good start for next year's Varsity.

ROMAINE MEYERS.

When Bud Meyers was in the game no one had any fears for Fort Wayne. He was a strong, lithe, dashing forward with the knack of shooting baskets from almost any point and in the most difficult circumstances. Poor Bud became seriously ill in the latter part of the season, and could not even have his picture taken for the Annual. We all feel for Bud, and here's hoping that he will come back next fall as strong as ever and be a real hero in his Senior year.



Editorial Supplement

"PRIVATE OPINIONS PUBLICLY EXPRESSED"

"LEST WE FORGET"

Does not this tittle sound familiar? Alas! Only too familiar. For the benefit of those, few as they must be, who know not the significance of this title, we merely refer them to the December issue of THE CALDRON, page eighteen. This title, chosen so well by our "late" editor-in-chief as a means of bewailing his fate and getting the last word, has been resurrected and again used in calling attention to the abnormal sense of duty and loyalty to the class that our former editor, H. M. Shambaugh, displayed.

Not many moons ago, during the dispute between the editor and business manager, a few members of the class who possessed foresight enough to see the result of such dissensions circulated a petition to ask the editor to resign. It might be added here that no trouble was experienced in securing sufficient signatures. When the meeting was called over two-thirds present asked Mr. Shambaugh's resignation. But lo! and behold! Our dear editor still spouting, broke all precedent and very graciously refused to resign. A motion was made to expel him. The editor then, in his usual obliging manner, monopolized the floor "till the cows came home." When a vote was taken, the champion of a better and cleaner CALDRON lacked but two votes of the required two-thirds. Then ensued on earsplitting shriek from the few who, blinded by social position and love of popularity, catered to our dear editor. Thus as ever, a "wilful few" hold up the best of legislation.

ONE BACKWARD GLANCE

In the December issue of THE CALDRON the editor-in-chief, H. M. Shambaugh, says:

"Certainly the present editor would have never accepted his task had he known the conditions to be imposed upon him, and it is only by trampling all respect and pride in the ground that he can retain it now."

Speaking to the 1919 class he says:

"Surely in your class you can find someone capable of handling THE CALDRON as did Rothert and Blitz and Edson and all the rest. If you have such a man, elect him. It is a pity that in all the ranks of the 1918 class there is no such being. No class ever failed to produce one before. Proceeding under this handicap the 1918 class elected an inferior editor and is now suffering the consequences."

Permit a few remarks. It would seem, after all has happened in the past—the neglect of Mr. Shambaugh to produce two CALDRON issues on time—it would seem, we contend, that he has succeeded so well in his efforts to trample his pride in the ground that it either must be just showing its visage in China, and the people there are wondering what new sort of plague they are to be inflicted with, or else he has kept it so well hidden beneath that dainty protuberance that is supposed to act as an ornament and instrument to his lower extremities, commonly known as the feet, that no one has ever even accused him of having such an article. Pride seems to be utterly lacking in the aforementioned being, or he would not have let certain events occur without putting forth some effort to prevent their recurrence.

Permit more remarks. It seems that Mr. Shambaugh may even be accused of inconsistency. Here he says in an editorial that it is all he can do to conquer his pride and hold his position. Later on in the season when the class resented the fact that Mr. Shambaugh called them boneheads and tried to force him to resign, it is a singular fact that, after a pulrality of about 59 to 29 had expressed their anxiety for him to present his resignation, after that sign was given him that he was no longer wanted by the majority of the class, he refused to resign. It is a strange and embarrassing position in which Mr. Shambaugh finds himself. It is a puzzle to the class. Who will explain the puzzle?

In conclusion, there is only one point in the editorial, upon which both Mr. Shambaugh and the class seem to agree. In the latter part he says that the class is "suffering the consequences" of his election. True, how true! There are some who, too late, have seen their mistake. Some who realize that had another been put in his place as editor-in-chief in December, THE CALDRON would have caused no more trouble. But let this be a lesson in after life to those who followed blindly the dictates of the editor.

A RETROSPECT

According to the words of the nonchalant editor-in-chief of THE CALDRON himself, "any blame in respect to THE CALDRON would fall directly upon him." How true those words really are, for there is positively no one else to blame for the long delay of THE CALDRON ANNUAL; the business manager, although he had control of the money, could not put out THE CALDRON, and the assistant editor, most willing and anxious to help, was told nothing about it in time. The Annual, in fact all the issues of THE CALDRON, in place of being put out by the 1918 Class, were put out by the Mr. H. M. Shambaugh, and all credit attached to them—if there was any—belonged to him and him alone. So *he* thought—possibly, according to his reasoning, the class was responsible for the two issues which never made their appearance, just because that person, like a stubborn infant, became angry because he could not have what *he* wanted, couldn't get his own head through. Of course, no class with any sense of self respect would tolerate being called the names which were attached to it in that editorial.

Upon a petition, then, a class meeting was called, in which, by a vote of the class, the editor was asked for a resignation. Immediately Mr. H. M. Shambaugh got up and boldly declared that he refused to resign. What better proof could there be that he was not working for the class but for his own private interest? He then, with his overbearing arrogance, went on to say that there was no one but himself who could fill the position; and if there were a change of editors at least two issues of THE CALDRON would have to be suspended, which would result in a great loss. He also said that the Annual could be gotten out by no one but himself. Ahem!

Perhaps, if you are not a member of the 1918 Class, you will say, "Why did the 1918 Class permit such a bigoted and inefficient person to retain the position of editor-in-chief of THE CALDRON?" The class did try its best to put him out, but in his obstinacy he refused to go, but rather selfishly clung to the position, bringing dishonor not only to himself but also to the name of the 1918 Class; selfishly, I say, not alone content with bringing disgrace to his own class, but also ruining the possibilities of the next class to put out a good CALDRON.

The statement of a few facts will show most clearly how this shameful situation came about. After the dispute about the borders which should gird the advertise-

ments was settled, there appeared in the next issue of THE CALDRON the most disrespectful editorial which any editor dared to publish. No class of the Fort Wayne High School had ever been treated so shamefully by one of its members. Furthermore, he promised to apologize for his actions in the next CALDRON. Then a vote to put him out of office was taken in which just two votes were lacking to make up the necessary two-thirds to expel him. And still he stuck against the wishes of over half of the class.

Now let us see what happened—exactly what he said would happen if the class changed editors, but which surely would not happen if he retained the place—neither the January nor May CALDRONS were put out and no Annual—by him. Neither was there an apology offered, as he had promised. But then, that was to be expected of him.

It is now through the loyalty and hard work of the assistant editor that THE ANNUAL has finally been printed. If it were not for him and a few other fellows there never would have been a 1918 CALDRON *ANNUAL*, for the egotistic and indolent editor-in-chief, two weeks after the close of school, refused to see to the publishing of the Annual.

AN EXPLANATION

We know that some of the Seniors have been mortified, yes, indignant, when they read the verses under their names in the Senior Book. We also know that these feelings will vanish when we say that these verses were selected solely and personally by H. M. Shambaugh. They represent his opinion only, and everyone can take that for what it is worth.

A PARTING WORD

To the Editor of 1919:

We, the class of 1918, most sincerely sympathize with you and your staff, who will have to resume the duties of issuing THE CALDRON for the next year, and wish to apologize for the disreputable condition in which we know you will find THE CALDRON and its reputation. We are thoroughly ashamed of ourselves for ever hesitating to remove the editor, but we have suffered for our mistake and hope that we shall go down in ages to come as an example. If we shall accomplish but one thing—namely, that each class take more pains in electing its staff and exercise a little more control over THE CALDRON, we shall gladly bear our sorrow and rejoice that our mistake has not been in vain.

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WM. HALLER
337 E. Lewis Street

To—We'd Hate To Say.

She's neat, she's sweet, she's handsome,
She's filled with lovely grace;
I'd love to kiss this maiden
If it wasn't for her face.

* * *

Girls have many faults,
Boys have only two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

* * *

Teacher—"Can you tell me what a synonym is?"

Frosh—"A word used in place of one you cannot spell."

* * *

"Here, take this rifle," cried the circus manager excitedly, "the leopard has escaped; when you see him shoot him on the spot!"

"What spot?" gasped the green circus hand.

My Photo.

I thought I'd surely made a hit
When for my photograph she prayed;
"Out when this calls," she wrote on it
And gave it to the maid.

* * *

"What is the height of your ambitions?"

"I don't know exactly, but she comes about to my shoulders."

* * *

Oh, Lord of love
Look down from above
And pity our condition;
For every week
We have to speak
Or write a composition.

* * *

Country—"Just think of our forest preserves!"

City—"How about our subway jam?"

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Printing (that speaks for itself)

And for those whose time is more valuable at something else, we also originate follow-up letters, write advertisements and plan complete booklets.

Just at this season of the year you no doubt have requirements along our line, and we urge that you advise us of your needs.

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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

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Choice of Tires. G. & J. clincher (value $10.) Punct. Proof non-skid cushion tread (value $10), free on any of our bicycles.

Fancy Tread Bicycle Tires not found in any other store.

Won't Slip Bailey Tread, Red Rubber $3.75
Peerless Basket Weave, Cactus Raised Tread..... 3.50
Tashmo, Six-Ply Thorn-Proof, each..... 2.50
Single Tube Roadsters, not guaranteed, each..... 1.50

Last year's *Bailey* and *Thorn Proof* tires, each $2.50. Inner tubes, 75c, $1, $1.25. G. & J., $1.50. Bring baby cab wheels for new tires. Come to the Big Store for BICYCLE TIRES and REPAIRS.

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Good second hand Bicycles, $5 to $15.
Store open evenings, April 1 to July 1.

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After Graduation—What?

AVERAGE INCOMES FOR FIVE YEARS—YALE GRADUATES OF 1906

Occupations:	1st Year	2nd Year	3rd Year	4th Year	5th Year
Insurance Agents	$1,665	$1,150	$1,480	$1,908	$2,708
College Teachers and Officials	1,376	945	1,001	1,093	1,419
School Teachers and Officials	988	1,118	1,324	1,456	1,500
Social or Religious Workers	924	1,100	1,400	1,404	1,766
Farmers and Ranchmen	893	1,200	1,866	1,600	2,400
Government Employees	825	860	1,165	1,575	2,650
Real Estate Dealers	825	1,100	1,750	2,140	2,550
Musicians	750	1,100	1,450	1,700	1,350
Advertisers and Publishers	730	1,202	1,702	2,792	3,600
Business Men	717	885	1,246	1,657	1,967
Journalists	660	790	821	920	1,168
Engineers	650	942	1,352	1,286	1,702
Manufacturers	602	1,185	1,639	2,100	2,485
Brokers	537	1,376	2,086	2,237	2,695
Bankers	510	938	1,170	1,472	2,112
Graduate Students	487	542	425	447	370
Lawyers	358	339	608	927	1,244
Foresters	...	...	1,100	1,300	1,500
Total Replying	$ 131	$ 151	$ 160	$ 177	$ 184
Average—All Occupations	740	968	1,286	1,522	1,885

Average for all occupations—five-year period $1,280.82

Average Insurance Agents—five-year period 1,872.33

The facts contained in the above table certainly give convincing proof that life insurance agents earn more money than clerks in banks and stores or men who own and manage the average store or business house. And furthermore, the life insurance agent can shift his place of business at will. If business is poor in one particular section, the life insurance agent is not tied there as is the ordinary merchant but can work in better territory.

Study Life Insurance

It will be noted that Insurance Agents averaged to earn 62% more money over the five-year period than was average by the men who chose other professions. It should be remembered, however, that it does not require a college education to enable a man or a woman to earn money selling life insurance.

There is no line of work open to the person of average education and ability, without capital or influence, in which the opportunities for accomplishing immediate financial returns, building up a substantial income and attaining to a position of importance and prominence in the business affairs of a community, are equal to the opportunities offered by a life insurance agency. The only capital required is clean character, a clear head, honesty of purpose, tact, enthusiasm and a big surplus of indomitable energy and grim determination to succeed Endowed with these prerequisites the man or woman who takes up life insurance work need have no fear of failure, and if he or she will carefully study the business, making the best possible use of time and opportunities, success is certain.

No line of work opens up such splendid opportunities for the young man as does life insurance soliciting. The natural inclination of young men is to accept some clerical position where they will receive steady salaries and not have to exert themselves beyond doing routine work directed and supervised by a superior officer. There is nothing that serves to destroy the usefulness of a young man or fails to develop ambition in him more than a position of this character. It places practically no responsibility on him and as a rule he never develops beyond the position of a clerk. Very frequently we see old men who have been engaged in nothing but clerical work all their lives.

CONSIDER WHAT FUTURE PROFESSION YOU WILL ENTER
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IN FORT WAYNE SINCE 1860

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Kraus—"I stepped on the spur of the moment."

* * *

Handsome He—"That dress you wore last night was a song."
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Handsome He—"Sweet and low."

* * *

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Seniors—Irreproachable.

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* * *

Stockberger—"Ouch! I have something in my shoe."
King—"Yes, I should think you have."

* * *

He—"If I were to kiss you would you call for help?"
She—"Would you need it?"

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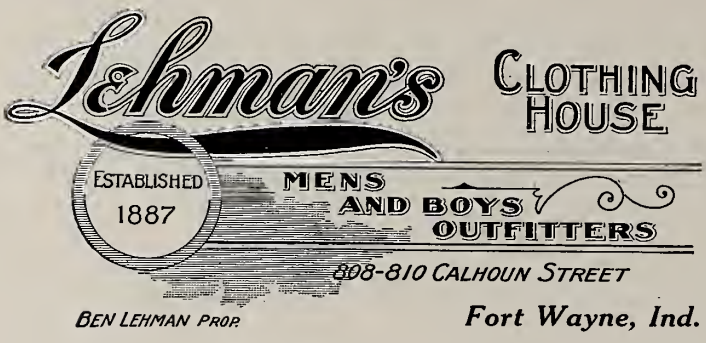
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PRINTER AND ENGRAVER
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"Oh, extremely less."

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Body stripe, all wool Sweaters; a neck slip over style, all colors, special $7.50.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

We Hardly Think So.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against his bed—
! ! !* ? ? ?! ! !x x x? x? ? ?

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Agency For
AURENTZ CHOCOLATES
EVERYTHING IN CANDY
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930 CALHOUN STREET
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Thoughts at Closing

At last we can write these few lines to mark the end of The Caldron for another year, The Caldron whose record for this year is not exemplary to say the least. As we put this finishing touch on the Annual, we have a feeling of regret and indignation that it is being published so long after the close of school, that everyone has been disappointed by its late arrival. And yet were it not for a few members of the class who have real school spirit, it would not have appeared at all, for the editor gave up working on it entirely at the close of school, and then it was taken up two weeks later by comparatively inexperienced hands, and consequently its late appearance. So, in spite of your righteous anger and disgust, read this book cheerfully, replete though it be with faults, and keep up a good word for The Caldron in order that it may be a success next year. This is the first time The Caldron has ever gone astray, and we know it will never do so again if everyone is conscientious and does the right thing.

APR 81
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

